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THE ILIAD OF HOMER

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ALEXANDER POPE  
[After the painting by A. Pond]

POPE'S

✓  
Homeric  
"

# *The Iliad of Homer*

BOOKS I, VI, XXII AND XXIV

EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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AND

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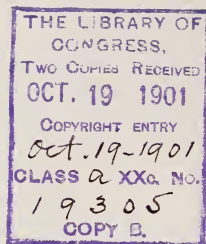


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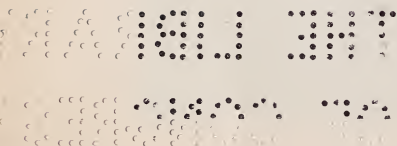


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“Some tell us that there were twenty Homers; some deny that there ever was one. It were idle and foolish to shake the contents of a vase, in order to let them settle at last. We are perpetually laboring to destroy our delights, our composure, our devotion to superior power. Of all the animals on earth we least know what is good for us. My opinion is, that what is best for us is our admiration of good. No man living venerates Homer more than I do.”—Landor, *Pericles and Aspasia*, LETTER LXXXIV.



## GENERAL PREFACE

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ONE of the distinctive marks of the education of to-day is the training derived from the reading and study of good literature. In the past few years the teaching of English in this country has been greatly improved through the fact that in every section the same carefully selected set of classic works has been assigned for school study, admission to college being based upon examination on the same. It follows that schools making use of these selected texts instead of the somewhat antiquated manual, are not merely giving their pupils English training in books chosen for that purpose by a conference representing leading English teachers from all the sections, but are preparing their students to enter the English department of any of our colleges or universities. The advantage of using such a series instead of drilling pupils in a few books, however excellent, picked out by the individual instructor is too obvious to require discussion. In a shifting country like our own no teacher knows

where his pupils may be residing twelve months later, but if he uses a standard set of text-books, he may be quite certain that, no matter where the lot of his pupils be cast, they will be prepared to enter college, or perhaps some other school, with a minimum loss of time. This advantage alone should render the teacher desirous of carrying his pupils through the standard texts; when, in addition, the recommendations of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools in the Southern States are duly weighed, the use of such a series becomes almost necessary.

Acting upon the recommendations of this Association, the publishers and editors of JOHNSON'S ENGLISH CLASSICS have endeavored to furnish a set of the required books for study and reading which, without being planned upon a sectional basis, shall answer specially to Southern needs. They have felt that, in spite of the large number of similar series already published, some of them excellent, a new series would be justified by the fact that it would give an impetus to scholarly work on the part of Southern teachers, and also that it would be edited with full recognition of the fact that Southern pupils are rarely able to consult large libraries, and hence find much of the editorial matter normally furnished them foreign to their needs. But while the volumes will be lightened of all super-

fluous material, they will each exhibit the following essential features of a text-book on English literature:

Each volume will have a short general introduction giving a brief sketch of the author's life, an estimate of his work and his position in literature, and a criticism of the text to be studied.

Annotation will be moderately full, stress being laid upon literary and historical rather than upon philological points. Where the volume is designed for careful study and examination, annotation will be fuller than in the case of texts designed for reading merely.

A word remains to be said with regard to the order in which the series should be used in high schools and academies. No iron-clad rules can profitably be laid down in the premises, but it is suggested that since all the books for special study cannot well be used in the last year of high-school work, such volumes as have been previously studied be reviewed in that year. Volumes designed for reading merely may be assigned to different periods of, or may be confined to, the second, third and fourth high-school years, or to the last two years, according to the teacher's discretion, and such volumes may also be used for private reading alone. In fact, such private reading seems to be the best use to make of a book like *Last of the Mohicans*,

which is a classic eminently fit to be placed in a pupil's hands, but rather unwieldy for class purposes. The teacher will naturally follow up such private reading by an examination, or the assignment of an essay, to test the thoroughness of the pupil's reading, and he will see the fitness of making his examination on the books for study far more thorough than on the books for reading.

In conclusion, it may be stated that should it seem advisable the series will be enlarged to include other texts.

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## INTRODUCTION

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ALEXANDER POPE

ALEXANDER POPE is the greatest literary character in what is called the Queen Anne period of English literature. By his own age he was considered one of the great poets of all time, and for fifty years after his death he was accorded a place among the few great masters of verse. This unjustified preëminence was followed by the inevitable reaction, and from the beginning of this century down to our own time, Pope has been decried; many go so far as to say that he is not to be considered a true poet at all. The present estimation of Pope lies between these two extremes. His many faults, both as a poet and as a man, are freely admitted; but, after all deductions are made, we can but acknowledge that he deserves a permanent place in the ranks of the great English poets.

To appreciate Pope one must distinguish clearly between the different spheres in which poetical activity may exercise itself. One must understand that Pope is the exponent of an age of criticism—an age in which creative literature held little place. To do justice to him one should take fully into account the times

in which the poet lived. This is helpful in the case of all men of letters, but it is imperative for the consideration of Pope, as he is the mirror of his age. His was not a life of poetic retirement. He was profoundly affected by the social life of a somewhat frivolous age, which had its marked effect on his verse. With regard to the particular study we have in hand, one should appreciate the literary ideals of Queen Anne's time, under the influence of which, at the age of twenty-five, the young Pope undertook to render into English verse the greatest epic in the literature of the world.

The investigation of these things opens up vast possibilities in the way of study. We cannot go into these questions here, but it may be well to point out that the two generations which preceded Pope had seen the two great poets, Shakspeare and Milton. Shakspeare stands for the age of Elizabeth, an age conspicuous for its breadth of view and largeness of thought. Milton, though less completely, stands for the splendid moral movement of the Puritans. But, though Milton lived well into the reign of Charles the Second, he has nothing in common with the spirit of the Restoration. That reaction against Puritanism is summed up in the sturdy poet John Dryden, Pope's acknowledged master and poetic model. Dryden sets forth by his cold reasoning of moral and political questions in verse the new spirit of scientific investigation.

From the death of Dryden, in 1700, until Pope was ready to make his appearance, the poetic stage was

empty, Addison's *Campaign* being hardly more than a prelude for the younger poet.<sup>1</sup> The audience waiting to applaud Pope's verse was one which would have been bored by Shakspeare's sentiment and romanticism, one which would have slept through the long thunder-roll of Miltonic verse, but one which was ready to applaud the light, pointed couplets, in which Pope reflected their foibles, their tastes and their lighter passions with a superficial glitter, which by his auditors was mistaken for true gold.

When we reach the age of Pope we find that the great breath of inspiration which blew so wondrously in Shakspeare's time has not only died down into placid commonplace, but that with the loss of inspiration a great reaction has set in, which will result in the formation of new literary ideals. In this extreme movement the outspoken lines of Shakspeare and his contemporaries were succeeded by the nicely balanced phrases of the poetasters. The exuberance of the somewhat careless dramatists of Elizabeth's day was pruned and neatly turned by the poets of the time of Anne. But in the correcting, their phrases too often lost their freshness and the touch of genius, which is the glory of the earlier poets.

One of the prime causes which directed this reactionary movement was the influence of the French poets. Upon the restoration of the Stuarts to the English throne a great wave of French thought and

<sup>1</sup> See Gosse's *History of Eighteenth Century Literature*, page 105.

French manners was felt throughout England, and the poetical medium through which Pope was to express himself was thus formed largely on French models. In spite of these limitations of style, and in spite of the lack of inspiration, with its implied limitation of subject matter, Pope's contribution to our language in the accurate and felicitous expression of his lines, the terseness and smooth compactness of his couplets, cannot be overlooked. The importance of these things cannot be truly understood without some knowledge of the chastening influence Pope exercised upon the style and manner of his contemporaries; nor can the reaction from the prim formality of his verse, which began a hundred years ago, and which found such triumphant voice in the poets of the early years of this century, be well understood without familiarity with this correct and skillful artisan poet.

The England of the beginning of the eighteenth century, in which world Pope was so conspicuous a figure, was an age of political intrigue and of coffee-house scandal. The two great parties, the Whigs and the Tories, were just growing into full rivalry, and in spite of the continental wars and the military triumphs of Marlborough, the time is more distinguished for its partisanship than for its patriotism. Religion was at a low ebb, and the bishops and priests of the Church sat comfortably careless of their flocks in the undisturbed possession of sinecures. Of great musicians, painters, poets, there was none. Having no great things to occupy their minds, the wits of the day took

to periwigs and to landscape gardening, and the poetry which was to speak to them became as artificial as their headgear and as formally correct as their rows of box. It was not an age of robust thought or robust morals, and it does not seem incongruous that the most conspicuous figure in this Augustan Age should be an irascible invalid.

Under any circumstances it is not possible to make a heroic figure out of the poet Pope. Yet by failing to take account of his physical incompleteness, and his position by birth, one must do injustice to him. He was born in London in the year of the Revolution, 1688, of a Roman Catholic family, which circumstance contributed not a little to determine the character of his education. It accounts for the comparative isolation of the poet's family while he was a boy, and in later years prevented him from enjoying any of the gifts from the political party in control, which were to be had by every successful literary man of that time. He was extremely delicate from his youth, and suffered from headaches all his life. His body was crooked, and he was "protuberant before and behind." Dr. Johnson tells us that in later years Pope was so helpless that he could not undress himself without assistance, and that he wore several pairs of stockings to make his legs seem larger. These bodily weaknesses undoubtedly contributed toward making Pope, as Mr. Lounsbury has pointed out, the earliest man of letters pure and simple, in English literature, by enforcing idleness and preventing him from attempt-



ing a civil employment. They also had their share in accentuating his irritability, his jealous temper and his morbid suspiciousness.

The fact that Pope was a Roman Catholic debarred him from the public schools, and he was sent successively to two small private schools in the neighborhood of Twyford, where he then resided. Manly self-reliance and a love of fair play are two things that youth usually carries away from public schools, and these things Pope, as a boy among boys, never had the opportunity of developing. At private schools he learnt little, and was mainly self-taught. He was never a scholar in the broad sense of the word, though he desired the world to regard him as such. At a very early age, however, he began to write verses. "I began writing verse," he says, "farther back than I can well remember." One of the first books he read was Ogilby's translation of Homer, and it afforded him vast delight. "I was then about eight years old. This led me to Sandys' *Ovid*, which I liked extremely well, and so I did a translation of a part of Statius by some very bad hand. When I was about twelve I wrote a kind of play, which I got to be acted by my school-fellows. It was a number of speeches from the *Iliad*, tacked together with verses of my own." "My next period," says Pope, "was in Windsor Forest, where I sat down with an earnest desire of reading, and applied as constantly as I could to it for some years. I continued in this close pursuit of pleasure and languages till nineteen or twenty." In his six-

teenth year Pope was engaged on his *Pastorals*, a kind of composition much in favor at that time. In these poems his style is already formed, and his versification in smoothness of numbers surpasses that of his original, Dryden.

By the publication of his *Pastorals*, in 1709, Pope took his place among the poets of the English Augustan age. The *Essay on Criticism* was next begun, though not published until 1711. Steele procured from Pope for the *Spectator*, his *Messiah*, and *The Dying Christian to His Soul*. Two years later Pope published the poem *Windsor Forest*, which, with the first sketch of the *Rape of the Lock*, closed his earlier work and paved the way for the *Translation of the Iliad*, which was to place him on a poetical eminence exceeding in importance anything hitherto enjoyed by a man of letters, and which has hardly been rivaled by any poet of succeeding time. *The Rape of the Lock*, which was first published in a *Miscellany* of Lintot's, is the most famous mock-heroic poem in our language. It was afterwards amplified into its present form and published in 1713. It is a poem that stands almost alone in its uniqueness, and preserves to this day a charm that is hardly found elsewhere in eighteenth century verse. The polish and glitter which covers Pope's deficiencies in sounding deep into the nature of man, forms the charm of this flashing and brilliant masterpiece of burlesque.

Addison expressed himself as delighted with the first sketch of the *Rape of the Lock*, and advised

against an enlargement of it, but Pope added the gnomes and sylphs which, as the poem now stands, give to it a lightness and airiness that the original did not possess. Addison's advice was sincere; but Pope, who was always sensitive and suspicious, decided that this counsel was given through jealousy, and over this slight affair began one of the famous quarrels of literature.

Pope formed at this time his friendship with Dean Swift, who was now at the height of his power. Pope was always "ambitious of splendid acquaintance," as Dr. Johnson has put it. He showed great tact in selecting his friends, and nearly always made good use of them. Though Swift was a great figure on the side of the Tories, Pope managed to keep free from politics, and secured the patronage of both the Whigs and the Tories for his forthcoming edition of Homer.

Pope already occupied an enviable position. Young as he was, he was recognized as the best poet in England. One reason for his instant recognition was that he had adopted the versification of Dryden and had formed his tastes on the models made familiar by the wits of his day. The verse of his early period was nearly all imitated. He did not originate a verse style peculiar to himself. Poets who, like Wordsworth, write counter to accepted canons, who blaze new paths for a succeeding generation, and who are ahead of their time, have to form the taste of their audience before they are accorded their full praise. Pope, however, was not merely applauded because he wrote in



familiar numbers, but because he used the current vehicle for verse better than his contemporaries. He studied the couplet and improved upon it until it became thoroughly effective for his purpose. The qualities aimed at in his verse were clearness with epigrammatic terseness, and smoothness which should convey the sense of ease. He also adopted the conventional poetic language of the day. The poets aimed at elegance of expression, so Pope speaks of a maiden as the "fair," calls wine "the purple tide," and speaks of a "sylvan structure" to indicate a pile of wood.

As Dr. Johnson says, apropos of the translation of Homer, "Pope wrote for his own age and for his own nation; he knew that it was necessary to color the images and point the sentiments of the author; he therefore made him graceful, but lost him some of his sublimity." For this very reason Pope's version was welcomed enthusiastically by his own generation, and even caused Dr. Johnson in the next to exclaim, "It is certainly the noblest version of poetry which the world has ever seen; its publication must therefore be considered as one of the great events in the annals of learning." And much later Lord Byron says, "As a child I first read Pope's Homer, with a rapture which no subsequent work could ever afford."

In the year 1713 Pope was deep in Homer. "That the poet of artificial life and manners, the polished and glittering versifier, should at first have felt strange among the scenes and characters of the simple old

heroic Grecian, might have been predicted. But he had another cause for anxiety; he was no master of Greek. He had such terrible moments at the beginning of his task that he wished a hundred times that somebody would hang him." The first volume was issued to the subscribers in 1715, and the publication was completed by the appearance of the fifth and sixth volumes in the year 1720. The splendid reception of the *Iliad* encouraged the poet to attempt the translation of the *Odyssey*. To share his labors in this work he secured the assistance of two scholars, Fenton and Broome. Pope's mechanical verse was so easily imitated that it is difficult to detect any inferiority of style in the work of these two assistants. For the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* Pope received about £9,000, which enabled him to live at ease for the rest of his days.

In 1717 Pope published two poems, which many consider his best, *Eloisa to Abelard* and *The Elegy to an Unfortunate Young Lady*. They certainly show more feeling than is usual with Pope, and are his most passionate productions. The death of his father suggested a change of residence, and after two years at Chiswick he moved farther up the Thames and settled with his mother at Twickenham. His new place of residence became the center of literary life for the poets of Queen Anne's day. He was courted by all. About his table were gathered Swift, Bolingbroke, Congreve, Gay, Spence, Arbuthnot, and even Voltaire, who was said to have driven Pope's mother away from

the table by the grossness of his conversation. In this villa at Twickenham Pope lived for the rest of his life, spending his time in decorating the grounds about his house, building a grotto and pruning trees. It would be a pleasant picture if we could believe that Pope lived serene days among his flowerbeds; but we know that from this eminence, which he had attained but by the efforts of his genius, he began to assail the dunces of his time, and that his verse grows more bitter and spiteful with each attack. His bodily weakness became more noticeable, and he grew irritable, petty and malicious.

It was at this time that Pope began that juggling with his correspondence which has proved such a source of perplexity to all his biographers. The liberties he took in recasting his own letters and those of his friends, can never be explained in such a way as to free Pope from the gravest censure. We cannot do more than quote a sentiment from a letter to Walpole by the poet Gray: "It is natural to wish the finest writer—one of them—we ever had, should be an honest man. It is in the interest of that virtue, whose friend he professed himself, and whose beauties he sung, that he should not be found a dirty animal."

A satire of Dryden's, *MacFlecknoe*, suggested to Pope an elaborate style of attack upon the poetasters who had criticised him, or with whom he had had quarrels. Many of these quarrels were imaginary, and grew out of injuries that Pope fancied he had received. Under the title of the *Dunciad* he launched

his poem in 1728, and in the following year the enlarged *Dunciad* was published with the *Prolegomena of Scriblerus* and the notes *variorum*. The publication had the effect that the poet desired, for a tremendous howl went up from the camp of the minor poets whom he had vilified. It was characteristic of Pope, however, that for the more complete discomfiture of opponents, he apparently pirated his own edition, in order to add to the excitement and furor of its reception. Some of the noise which followed its appearance was artificial thunder created by the poet to bring quickly to the notice of the public the savageness of his own satire. The poem was presented to the King and Queen at St. James by Walpole, and the King was pleased to say that the author was "a very honest man." In order further to increase the discomfiture of the dunces, the *Grub-Street Journal* was founded. It appeared in the year 1730 and was continued with great spirit until the year 1737.

From 1731 to 1735 Pope published his *Epistles* and *Moral Essays*, which are the most intellectual and refined work of his matured genius. Questions of taste and ethics are discussed in them with grace and dignity. The most famous of the Epistles is the *Essay on Man* (1732). Bolingbroke is supposed to be responsible for what philosophy is found in the poem, but it is not remembered for its philosophy nor for its argument. It is kept alive by the supreme skill with which Pope has clothed trite and commonplace sentiments in a pointed and quotable form. Another poem

not to be forgotten was the *Epistle* blazed forth to Dr. Arbuthnot, which is perhaps the most vigorous and spirited thing Pope ever wrote. It contains, among other things, the lines on Addison so justly famous.

During his last years Pope was very feeble, querulous and exacting. While the *Essay on Man* was in progress, the poet had a slight attack of fever, which confined him to his bed. In the month of May, 1744, he began to fail rapidly, and he died on the evening of May 30th, so easily and imperceptibly that his attendants were not aware of the exact time of his death.

In a short sketch of Pope's life there is naturally much that must be left unsaid. There are phases of his work that cannot be touched upon. But as it is unfortunately true that the many faults of Pope lie, as it were, upon the surface, and his virtues are sometimes lost sight of, it may be well to call the attention of the student to some points which cannot be otherwise specifically mentioned: His devotedness to his parents, his fondness and steadiness as a friend, and his industry in the unceasing cultivation of his intellectual faculties.

From Pope's twenty-fifth year to the time of his death he held the entire attention of the literary world, and in a far more complete sense than of any other poet it may be said of him that he comprised the poetry of his time. He covered the entire field of verse as practiced by his age, and was unchallenged in his supremacy. The poetic field was narrow, it is true; but, such as it was, it may be studied from



Pope's works, with perhaps a little reference to Gay, Prior and Swift. A conspicuous feature of the development of poetry in his hands was the continuation and enlargement of the satire as begun by Dryden. For in the hands of these two poets England witnessed a revival of the satire which was unprecedented in the literature of our tongue, and which, perhaps, has had no parallel since the days of Juvenal in Rome.

The poetry of Anne's age is comprised in few forms—the satiric, the critical and the narrative, with occasional verse, and some didactic poetry. But in these limited forms Pope's workmanship has made it practically impossible to rival him.

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For an admirable treatment of the literary history of the times the student is referred to *The Age of Pope*, by John Dennis (Macmillan). For biographical material there is Leslie Stephen's *Life of Pope*, in the English Men of Letters Series (Macmillan, Harpers), which is the best short life of the poet, and for fuller treatment, when necessary, the *Life of Pope*, by Elwin (Scribner). Among shorter biographies, Johnson's *Life of Pope*, from his *Lives of the Poets*, may be singled out as perhaps the most satisfactory, while the Essays by DeQuincey and Lowell will be found valuable. Thackeray's Essay on *Prior, Gay and Pope* may be mentioned for its extremely sympathetic treatment. The Globe Edition of Pope (Macmillan), with its introduction by A. W. Ward, will be found useful,

and the Essay by Mark Pattison prefaced to the selections from Pope in Ward's *English Poets* (Macmillan) should be consulted, as well as Gosse's chapter on Pope and his contemporaries in his *History of Eighteenth Century Literature*. The history of the period may be found in the shortest and most satisfactory form in Green's *Short History of the English People*.

## HOMER

"In a note to Shakspeare's Sonnets, Stevens wrote for our information the following sentence, 'Concerning the poet's circumstances, all that we know with any certainty of Shakspeare is, that he was born in Stratford-on-Avon, married, and had children; that he went to London, where he appeared as an actor, and wrote poems and plays; that he returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried.'"—(Gervinus' Commentaries.) In Homer's case, unfortunately, no Stevens has been able to offer us even this much certainty about the poet, or, indeed, any certainty whatever.

It is true that there are a number of legends concerning Homer—utterly valueless, however, to the biographer—of which various collections have been made. The principal one of these collections is ascribed to Herodotus, who wrote some five hundred years or so after the poet's time. But the mere fact that seven Greek cities at a later time contended for the honor of his birthplace—*Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodes, Argos, Athenae*, as Cicero metrically wrote them—and that eight of these so-called "lives" of Homer have come down to us from antiquity, all most varied in character, and one at least making him the son of a river god, seems a fair indication that the whole matter was already pretty cloudy in the annals of Grecian civilization.



It is, indeed, a strange, and in its results an especially unfortunate, circumstance that the lives of these, the world's two greatest poets, should be so deeply shrouded in mystery that their figures seem but shadows cast on the wide background of time—titanic in their vast proportions, but shadows still.

It was not until the year 1795 that scholars began to question at all seriously the unity of structure in the Homeric poems. It is true that Bentley and one or two French and Italian scholars had, within a narrow circle, cast some suspicion upon them; but in the year above mentioned the entire learned world was startled at the appearance of the *Prolegomena to Homer*, by Friedrich August Wolf, professor at the University of Halle. This book definitely opened the question of Homeric authorship, which has since proved the most fertile of all literary controversies.

Wolf's position was that neither the *Iliad* nor the *Odyssey*, as we now have them, had been composed by any one poet with any distinct unity of design in view, though he admitted that his hypothesis was far easier of application to the *Iliad* than to the *Odyssey*. He asserted that the parts of which they were compounded were the work of more hands than one, and had long existed among the Greeks as so many separate ballads centering around the one great Trojan theme, until finally they were cast together and set down in writing, in the age of Pisistratus, in the sixth century, B. C. He contended that it was not possible for a poet to have conceived and wrought out, without the aid of

writing, poems of such length as these ; and that there is not sufficient reason for believing that the art of writing was known in the age when Homer is supposed to have lived. But both these statements have been fairly called into question. He also argued from internal evidence that by certain differences of language and style, and by an apparent lack of continuity here and there, the poems bore too clearly the marks of the joining process, and revealed the hands of different authors.

It is not at all likely—since there is hardly any literature that has come down to us from a remote antiquity, which has not suffered more or less through oral transmission, or the emendations of various transcribers and collectors—that these, the most ancient of all Greek poems, should have escaped the common mutilation and have reached us undisfigured ; but the opponents of Homeric unity seem now to be in considerable force, and are gaining in numbers, although one of them, Mr. Leaf, admits that this view is still “regarded in England, at least, as the heretical view.”

Mr. Leaf may be taken as a fair example of the anti-Homeric school of English critics. Leaving the *Odyssey* untouched—this certainly is a perfect whole, he says—he proceeds to develop his hypothesis concerning the *Iliad*, the facts of which he has in part received from others, but which he has himself developed into considerable detail. His view is, that the central fact of the *Iliad* was an original *Menis*, or Wrath, purely Achaian and not Ionian in origin, a

poem moving, with no episodes interfering with its progress, directly to its close; and this original poem he endeavors to trace out in detail. After an indefinite lapse of time a number of other lays, *aristeia*, as they were termed, celebrating the deeds of certain heroes of the war were slowly grouped around this central poem, thus forming the *Iliad* as it now exists—much in the same way, if one may be allowed to add a parallel to his hypothesis, as the central facts of the Arthurian legend drew in and absorbed into themselves various legends at one time not integrally connected with them, as the legend of the Holy Grail, and those of Merlin and Sir Launcelot. Professor Jebb also, but in a somewhat more conservative fashion, holds to an “original” *Iliad*; and besides distinguishing the work of several authors in the *Odyssey*, asserts that the poet of the original *Iliad* had nothing whatever to do with the *Odyssey*.

But all these difficulties have not proved so great as to disturb in their ancient faith many notable scholars and critics in England, such as DeQuincey, Matthew Arnold, John Addington Symonds, Gladstone and Andrew Lang. “The general inconvenience in all these questions,” says Arnold, “is that there really exist no data for determining them.” And again he speaks more positively, as follows: “The insurmountable obstacle to believing the *Iliad* a consolidated work of several poets is this: that the work of great masters is unique; and the *Iliad* has a great master’s genuine stamp, and that stamp is the *grand style*.” John

Addington Symonds has also borne fine testimony to the unity of the *Iliad*: "But about this, of one thing, at any rate, he (the æsthetic critic) will be sure, after the tests applied by Wolf and his followers, that a great artist gave its present form to the *Iliad*; that he chose from the whole Trojan Tale a central subject for development; and that all the episodes and collateral matter with which he enriched his epic were arranged by him with a view to the effect that he had calculated." And Andrew Lang thus gives a fine expression to the futility of the whole controversy in the following lines:

The awful dust and treasures of the Dead  
Has Learning scattered wide; but vainly thee,  
Homer, she measured with her Lesbian lead,  
And strives to rend thy songs: too blind is she  
To know the crown on thine immortal head  
Of indivisible supremacy.

Pope's *Iliad* does not, after all, bring us very near to the real Homer of the *Iliad*, nor to the world of which Homer sings; the medium through which we look is too much discolored by the life of an age so utterly at variance with the native freshness and simplicity of the earlier time. Pope's is an age grown old; that of Homer is radiant with an eternal youth. Life in Pope's time was passed in drawing-rooms and in the haunts of literary coteries, where the glitter of social polish and pointed wit had long since displaced that generous enthusiasm and splendid directness and frankness of

manner and language which had been so characteristic of the English Renaissance. All this among the poets of Pope's time was hardly understood, and seemed on every side to be regarded, by a sort of tacit consent, as the mark of a ruder age, and perhaps just a trifle injudicious and not in good taste. But the real matter for wonder, when we bring Pope's lights to bear on his translation, is, not that he should have failed to render for us this grace and that out of the original, but that he should have succeeded, in the face of all these difficulties, in making for us a poem which till to-day is regarded by scholars, after all due allowances have been made, as the most vigorous translation of Homer that exists in English verse.

The world of which Homer sings is, indeed, far away from both Pope's age and our own—no mere fanciful garden of wonders, however, but a world of deep and intense reality, and these poems are, owing principally to this fact, the noblest achievements of the Grecian race, a race which has sought, perhaps with a deeper earnestness than any other race of men has ever sought, to make clear for themselves the true nobility and dignity of human life, and ever to give to these the fairest and most enduring expression that their genius could conceive.

The poetry of Homer comes down to us from a period far beyond the range of European history. Not yet had that wide expansion of civilization begun among the Greeks, which fringed all the shores of the Mediterranean, and even those of the far Euxine, with



Greek cities; but over a very limited area in the eastern Mediterranean were they settled at this early time. The peninsula of Greece, the coast of Ionia and certain of the Ægean Islands seem to mark the boundaries of their race. Here, amid their vine-clad hills, and olive groves, and "deep-soiled" pasture lands, they built their "fair-walled" cities, and led a life of rare simplicity and earnestness, full of the keenest joy in living, and with a deep native instinct for beauty, which perhaps more than anything else is the dominant trait of their race.

This life the two epics picture for us with a completeness and fulness of outline and detail that has not been surpassed by the work of any poet in any age. It is the entire life of a people laid before us out of the past—their battles and sieges, their councils and government, and all their arts of peace; their noblest types of manhood and womanhood; their entire faith, and all the sacrificial rites and observances connected with it. So completely has all this been recorded that these epics deserve in a far truer sense than any others the full right to the title of national or race epics.

How fully this is true is seen by the way the Greeks seized upon these poems and retained them as a sort of literary oracle to be consulted by all on almost every conceivable subject; not alone in matters pertaining to their daily life, but to their life beyond the grave—a sort of ultimate court of appeal in all disputed matters. They studied them with the utmost care from

youth to age, and made them, as it has been customary to call them, the very Bible of their race.

The government under which these early Greeks lived bore no trace of the democracies that are such a notable feature of their later civilization. There were no laws, strictly speaking, but traditional usage and a general sense of right and wrong seem to have stood in the place of laws. There were many small and independent states, each ruled by a king, whose right to the throne was commonly strengthened by some remote descent from a god. The courts of these monarchs were often on a scale of great magnificence, as is indicated by the poems themselves, and by the excavations of Schliemann at Tiryns and Mycenae.

At the courts of these kings singers such as Homer lived, in their songs celebrating the deeds of the earlier heroes, many of these being reputed ancestors of the ruling families in Greece. These poems were mainly songs of heroes, the common people having little part in them. Originally chanted in the halls of princes, they passed later into the hands of rhapsodists, who recited them at festivals and on other notable occasions. (For a sketch of the character of one of these rhapsodists see Plato's *Ion*, where there are also some fine passages on the subject of poetry in general.)

Homer did not sing of a war which had taken place in his time. That event had occurred long before he came to sing it—how long, none can tell. Modern scientific investigation is still busy with the subject of

Troy, and possibly may bring to light much of the history of that early age. That the city was situated on the edge of the great coast plain in the north-western angle of the Troad is true beyond doubt, but whether Hissarlik, as Schliemann, or Bali Dagh, as Professor Jebb, asserts, is the site of the original city, is important enough to the antiquarian and the historian, but of no very vital importance to the readers of Homer's poetry.

It must not be supposed that Homer stands in fully developed poetic might, entirely alone in a hitherto songless age. Though nothing has been preserved to us from that earlier time, there must have existed a long succession of poets before him, and a literature which had already passed through many stages of development before it could have reached the wonderful perfection of expression which these epics show. Nor does it seem at all probable that the great heroic hexameter in which they are written,

. . . "the stateliest measure  
Ever moulded by the lips of man,"

with its marvellous flexibility, and mighty sweep of onward movement, is at once the invention and finished gift of one man to the literature of his race. After Homer came a host of lesser singers, the Cyclic poets, busied mainly with the same heroic theme, in general the events of the war which fill the years before the Iliad, and those which recount the Sack of Troy, the various "Returns," and carry on the Tale

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indefinitely. The works of many of these poets have at various times been confused with Homer's.

The gods of Greece, unlike those of the older nations of the East, with all their cloudy symbolism and grotesque forms, were always clear and definite and beautiful. Until the age of the philosophers no metaphysical conception of God found place among the Greeks, and mysticism belongs rather to the Alexandrian period of their civilization. Vagueness was something that the Grecian mind especially abhorred, and their religion, as well as their art, bears this out in full. Their gods were an idealized race of men and women, plentifully endowed with supernatural strength and wisdom and physical beauty, but sometimes, indeed, wofully human. They love and they hate in a surprisingly mortal fashion. They contend among themselves with arms, as in Book XXI, and even engage mortals in battle and are wounded by them, as in Book V. They are continually appearing to men, prompting and aiding them in their acts, sometimes visible in their true forms, but oftener under some disguise. It is strange with what naïve freedom Homer sings of the gods. Indeed, the principal humorous passages in the *Iliad* arise out of "scenes" between the Olympians, and the "inextinguishable laughter of the gods" is a phrase inseparably associated with them.

Weighed down though the Greeks sometimes were by the fixedness of the decrees of Fate, there are few shadows within the precincts of Olympus, "much of

the sublime, but little of the purely terrific." With their delicately sensitive and imaginative natures, and their childlike love of sunlight and gladness, the types of divinity the Greeks have left the world are as enduring as man's love for beauty.

And yet, of all the characters in the *Iliad*, the gods were least understood by Pope.

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As to the matters of Homeric dress, weapons, mythology, geography, etc., the student is referred to Gladstone's "Homer Primer" (American Book Co.), and Jebb's "Introduction to Homer" (Ginn & Co.), preferably the latter. Leaf's "Companion to the *Iliad*" (Macmillan) is a commentary full of interesting information, and "Gayley's Classic Myths" (Ginn & Co.) is a handbook particularly well adapted to work of this kind, written with especial reference to the use of myths in literature. The prose translation of the *Iliad* by Lang, Leaf and Myers (Macmillan) may be used as the basis for any comparative study of Pope and Homer. In some respects this is the most satisfactory translation of the *Iliad*, whether in prose or verse, that has yet been made in English. The maps in "Ginn's Classical Atlas" contain all that is needed in the way of topography, with which the student should make himself familiar at the start.

As a word of parting counsel, we advise the student to obtain as soon as possible the other books of the *Iliad*, and read them.

## POPE'S TRANSLATION

There is no translation of a work of supreme genius which can in any true sense be regarded as final. Translation can be only an approximation, and it is an approximation that each age, with its idiosyncrasies of language and sentiment and general point of view, must make for itself. Chapman represents the attitude of Elizabethan England toward Homer; Pope, that of the eighteenth century. Since Pope's time, though there have appeared many translations of Homer, none stands forth in any such commanding manner, or speaks in any such full and certain tones, as these do. Perhaps the demands of modern scholarship have proved so severe as to have daunted those poets who might have hoped to undertake the work; but it is an undeniable fact that when we would read Homer translated into English verse it is still to Pope that we turn. There is truth still in Byron's remark, "Who would ever lay down Pope, except for the original?" This is not to be taken to imply that Pope's Homer is by any means all that we could wish it in the way of a translation—its numerous faults are only too patent and grievous—but merely that no poet has as yet done more with the *Iliad* than Pope.

There is no translation of Homer which offers more points of attack to the hostile critic. Ever since its appearance it has drawn a running fire of comments from all who could read Homer or wield a pen. These

criticisms, however, have hardly done more than carry out into detail the comment of Bentley, "It is a very pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but it is not Homer," in which, says Matthew Arnold, "I consider that the work, in spite of all its power and attractiveness, was judged."

In the essay on Addison, Macaulay has recorded his view of the subject, which is perhaps worth quoting for its gross but humorous exaggeration of Bentley's criticism. Macaulay is writing of both Pope's and Tickell's versions, which appeared about the same time: "Neither of the rivals can be said to have translated the *Iliad*, unless, indeed, the word translation be used in the sense which it bears in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. When Bottom makes his appearance with an ass's head instead of his own, Peter Quince exclaims, 'Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.' In this sense, undoubtedly, the readers of either Pope or Tickell may very properly exclaim, 'Bless thee, Homer! thou art translated, indeed!'"

Matthew Arnold in his *Essay on Translating Homer* has left some sound criticism. He requires of the translator of Homer that the latter should be penetrated especially by four qualities of his author: the rapidity of his movement, the plainness and directness of his style, the plainness and directness of his ideas, and last, and above all, his nobility. Cowper, the earliest blank verse translator of Homer, has failed in reproducing the first of these qualities; Chapman, with all his Elizabethan fancifulness, has failed

in respect to the second; Pope, on account of his eighteenth century artificial diction, has failed in preserving the third; while Mr. Newman, the appearance of whose translation called forth Arnold's criticism, the critic thinks, is not penetrated enough by the fourth of these, the nobility of Homer's expression.

The measure that Chapman used was a fourteen-syllable, rhymed couplet, rapid in movement, and, in his hands, capable of considerable flexibility. He is as faithful to the original as Pope, and many a plain, blunt passage in his *Iliad* has a fine, native strength that brings home to us strongly the literary artifice of Pope. He is fanciful at times, as Arnold says, and he has certainly a more complicated movement than Homer; but there is much more real satisfaction to be had from Chapman than the majority of his critics have allowed.

In Pope's hands Homer has suffered a queer sort of disintegration. His whole substance has been cast into innumerable angular little blocks, with clear-cut edges and strangely parallel faces, and all these have been built together, block by block, into the broad outlines of the original. This, of course, is the regular character of Pope's verse, whether for a translation of Homer or for an epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot. The thought must always adapt itself to the fixed requirements of the measure; the reverse of this was utterly out of the question. Pope's perpetual balance of clause against clause, of line against line, of couplet against couplet, with his evenly-paired adjectives and



quick-recurring rhymes, produces an effect very unlike the wide-rolling and unbroken swell of the Homeric hexameters. Pope's language, too, with all its conventions of word and phrase, and its "highly intellectualized" color, is a medium little suited to reproduce for us the fine simplicity of Homer's diction. But to quote Arnold again: "A literary and intellectualized language is, however, in its own way well suited to grand matters; and Pope, with a language of this kind and his own admirable talent, comes off well enough as long as he has passion, or oratory, or a great crisis to deal with. Even here . . . he does not render Homer; but he and his style are in themselves strong. It is when he comes to level passages, passages of narrative and description, that he and his style are sorely tried, and prove themselves weak."

Finally, in Pope's *Iliad* one will not fail to recognize the work of the craftsman, but one will be bound also to the admission that never yet has literary craft exhibited a higher degree of finish and perfection, or borne itself so well through so supreme a test of its power.

#### NOTE ON EPIC STYLE

In a comparison of the poetic styles of Milton and Homer, Matthew Arnold illustrates the "allusive and compressed manner" of the one and the simple directness of the other, as follows: "With Milton line runs into line and all are straitly bound together; with Homer line runs off from line, and all hurries away

onward. Homer begins, *Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεά*,—at the second word announcing the proposed action. Milton begins:

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
Sing heavenly muse.

So chary of a sentence is he, so resolute not to let it escape him till he has crowded into it all he can, that it is not until the thirty-ninth word in the sentence that he will give us the key to it, the word of action, the verb."

It is interesting to note with what similar rapidity both the other great classical epics enter upon their themes: the "*Ἀνδρά μοι ἔνεπε, Μοῦσα*,"—"Tell me, O Muse, of that man"—of the *Odyssey*; and the *Arma virumque cano*—"Arms and the man I sing," of the *Æneid*. The Inferno of Dante likewise opens in a rather simple manner, but its starting point, owing to the necessities of its theme, is radically unlike that of the other epics mentioned here. Dante, however, is far nearer Milton than Homer in the general quality of his style, and despite the simple opening of the *Æneid*, the manner of Virgil is rather that of the well-trained scholar than that of the purely spontaneous poet.

In regard to a poet's starting without any preliminaries into his theme, a passage in Spenser's letter to



Sir Walter Raleigh prefixed to the *Faerie Queene*—something of an adaptation, it would seem, from Horace's *Ars Poetica*—very concisely sets forth the duty of the poet in contrast to that of the historian: "For the Methode of a Poet historical is not such, as of an Historiographer. For an Historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a Poet thrusteth into the middest, even where it most concerneth him, and there recouring to things forepaste, and divining of things to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all."

It may be well here to call attention to the well-known sculpturesque manner of the Greeks, so prevalent throughout all their literature, something of which Mr. Leaf points out in a note to the XXII Book. Their characters are all thrown forward in bold disregard of any background or setting. The tendency of modern poetry is rather the reverse of this, being more pictorial in manner, accompanying detail and perspective being matters of no small concern. Thus Dante leads us at once into the depths of the great wood, and then through the gloomy portals down into the underworld; and Milton is frequently busied with the picturesque elements of his subject. But in the *Iliad* there is no picture for us of the Grecian camp and the ships, and the great plain, and the "windy battlements" of Troy. All this is left to be inferred as the poem moves along. In as few words as possible the action is in full progress.

Note, too, how the poet disappears in the story he is telling. Indeed, it is only once, and that in the invocation to the Muse prefixed to the catalogue of the forces in Book II, that he uses the first person.

#### GREEK AND ROMAN DIVINITIES

Pope makes use of both the Latin and the Greek names of the gods, as they best adapt themselves to his measure. The following table gives the Greek names with their Latin equivalents.

GREEK.	LATIN.
Cronus.	Saturn.
Zeus.	Jupiter.
Hades.	Pluto.
Poseidon.	Neptune.
Ares.	Mars.
Phœbus-Apollo.	Apollo.
Hermes.	Mercury.
Hephæstus.	Vulcan.
Hera.	Juno.
Pallas-Athene.	Minerva.
Aphrodite.	Venus.
Artemis.	Diana.

## ARGUMENT OF THE ILIAD

At the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis, the goddess of Discord, an uninvited guest, had cast into the banquet hall a golden apple inscribed, "To the fairest." At once there arose a great contest among the goddesses for the prize. The competitors at last being reduced to three, Juno, Minerva, and Venus, it was determined to place the award in the hands of Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy. Paris' judgment was for Venus, thereby provoking the ceaseless hate of Juno and Minerva against him and his native city; but through Venus' favor he obtained the promise of the fairest woman in Greece for his wife. This proved to be Helen, wife of Menelaus, King of Argos. Straightway proceeding to the court of Menelaus, Paris succeeded in persuading Helen to desert her husband and return with him to Troy.

But it had so happened that at the wooing of Helen her father had bound by oath all the suitors to abide by her choice, and ever afterwards to defend her from wrong. On the flight of Helen, therefore, Menelaus called upon the suitors to keep their oath and aid him in recovering his wife. A vast fleet was equipped at Aulis in Bœotia and at last set sail for Troy. Here laying siege to the city, they continued the war unsuccessfully for ten years, the gods ranging themselves on one side or the other. In the tenth year of the war Chryseis was taken during the sack of a neighboring town, and with this incident the *Iliad* begins.

# THE ILIAD\*

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## BOOK I

### THE CONTENTION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON

A CHILLES' wrath, to Greece the direful spring  
Of woes unnumber'd, heav'nly Goddess, sing!<sup>a</sup>  
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's<sup>a</sup> gloomy reign<sup>a</sup>  
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain:  
Whose limbs, unburied on the naked shore,<sup>a</sup> 5

\* The title *Iliad*, or Song about Ilium, as Mr. Gladstone notes, is somewhat misleading. The subject is not the siege of Troy, but the wrath of Achilles.

2. This invocation to the Muse, in the poets after Homer, is a very common manner of opening an epic, and is not infrequent in long poems of other than epic character.

3. PLUTO, god of the underworld. For the best classical descriptions of Hades, cf. the XI Book of the *Odyssey* and the VI Book of the *Æneid*. In Milton and Dante the underworld is a fusion of the classic Hades and the Christian Hell. The most remarkable combination in modern literature of the pagan and Christian ideas of Hell is contained in Goethe's *Faust*.

3. REIGN, in its Latin sense of "kingdom"; cf. *regnum*.

5. It was one of the greatest misfortunes that could befall a Greek for his body to lie unburied, as his spirit

Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore:  
 Since great Achilles and Atrides<sup>a</sup> strove,  
 Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of  
 Jove!

Declare, O Muse!<sup>a</sup> in what ill-fated hour  
 Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended power? 10  
 Latona's son<sup>a</sup> a dire contagion spread,  
 And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;  
 The king of men<sup>a</sup> his reverend priest defied,  
 And, for the king's offence, the people died.

must then wander miserably for years on this side of the Styx before it could gain admission to Hades. Some funeral rites were necessary, either burning or burial. Three handfuls of dust scattered on the corpse was all that was needed to set the spirit free. The classics contain many allusions to this; the most notable illustration in Greek literature is Sophocles' *Antigone*, where the fulfillment of this rite is the chief motive of the tragedy. The Homeric custom was to burn the dead.

7. ATRIDES, son of Atreus, is Agamemnon. Also used to represent Menelaus, his brother; *ides*, the patronymic, or terminal, meaning "son of." So Peleides, son of Peleus.

8. An Alexandrine line. Note the difference in measure. An iambic hexameter with the caesura after the third foot. Occasional lines of this sort are found in Pope, Dryden and all their contemporaries who use the heroic couplet. SOVEREIGN, supreme. DOOM, judgment.

9. Calliope, the especial muse of epic poetry. For the Muses in general, cf. Gayley's *Mythology*, p. 71.

11. Apollo, son of Latona and Jupiter.

13. Agamemnon, the elected chief of all the Grecian forces around Troy.

Homer is constantly repeating epithets like these. Most

For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain 15  
 His captive daughter from the victor's chain.  
 Suppliant<sup>a</sup> the venerable father stands;  
 Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands:  
 By these he begs: and, lowly bending down,  
 Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown.<sup>a</sup> 20  
 He sued to all, but chief implor'd for grace  
 The brother-kings<sup>a</sup> of Atreus' royal race:  
 "Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be  
     crown'd,  
 And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground;  
 May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er, 25  
 Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.  
 But oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,

of his chief characters, whether gods or men, have one or more distinctive epithets, which usually appear along with the name, sometimes, too, standing for it, until at last the epithet seems almost inseparably connected with the individual. So, "Zeus, the cloud-gatherer," "Poseidon, the earth-shaker," "Silver-footed Thetis," "Menelaus of the loud war cry," "fleet-footed Achilles," "the crafty Odysseus." Pope is not particularly faithful in rendering these.

17. The Greek suppliant always bore a fillet of wool wound about a staff. Cf. the opening chorus in the *Ædipus Rex* of Sophocles. Leaf suggests in this case "it may possibly be a fillet from the head of the image of the god himself, and thus have a still higher sanctity."

20. Homer makes no mention of this, but the laurel was sacred to Apollo. Cf. the story of Apollo and Daphne, Gayley's *Mythology*, p. 138.

22. Agamemnon and Menelaus. Agamemnon was king at Mycenae in Argos; Menelaus at Sparta.



And give Chryseïs<sup>a</sup> to these arms again ;  
 If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,  
 And dread avenging Phœbus,<sup>a</sup> son of Jove." 30

The Greeks in shouts their joint assent declare,  
 The priest to reverence, and release the fair,<sup>a</sup>  
 Not so Atrides : he, with kingly pride,  
 Repuls'd the sacred sire, and thus replied :

"Hence on thy life, and fly these hostile plains, 35  
 Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king detains :  
 Hence, with thy laurel crown, and golden rod,  
 Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy god.  
 Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain ;  
 And prayers, and tears, and bribes, shall plead in vain ; 40  
 Till time shall rifle every youthful grace,  
 And age dismiss her from my cold embrace,  
 In daily labors of the loom employ'd,  
 Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.

28. The daughter of Chryses. Chrysa, l. 56, the Cilician town where the temple of the Sminthean Apollo was situated.

30. Apollo, known also by many other names, Pythius, Cynthius, etc.

32. THE FAIR.—A favorite phrase of Pope's. One of those eighteenth century poetical counters so far removed from the native simplicity and directness of poetic expression. So likewise, "the sacred sire," l. 34. In contrast, the calm dignity of Homer may easily be felt in the same passage translated by Mr. Leaf. "Yet the thing pleased not the heart of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, but he roughly sent him away, and laid stern charge upon him, saying: 'Let me not find thee, old man, amid the hollow ships, whether tarrying now or returning again hereafter, lest the staff and fillet of the god avail thee naught.'"



Hence then! to Argos shall the maid retire,  
Far from her native soil, and weeping sire." 45

The trembling priest along the shore return'd,  
And in the anguish of a father mourn'd.  
Disconsolate, not daring to complain,  
Silent he wander'd by the sounding main: 50  
Till, safe at distance, to his god he prays,  
The god who darts around the world his rays.<sup>a</sup>

"O Smintheus!<sup>a</sup> sprung from fair Latona's line,  
Thou guardian power of Cilla<sup>a</sup> the divine,  
Thou source of light! whom Tenedos<sup>a</sup> adores, 55  
And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's shores;  
If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane<sup>a</sup>  
Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain;  
God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,  
Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy." 60

52. This line is wholly Pope's and moreover contains an idea foreign to the *Iliad*. "Of any connection between Apollo and the sun, whatever may have existed in the more esoteric doctrine of the Greek sanctuaries, there is no trace in either *Iliad* or *Odyssey*."—Mure, *History of Greek Literature*.

53. A title of Apollo, of which there are various explanations offered. It is derived from a word meaning a *field mouse*, and an old legend has it that Apollo was given this name on account of his having rid the country of a plague of field mice.

54. A neighboring town, subject to Troy.

55. One of the Ægean Islands about twelve miles off the coast from Troy.

57. The original reads, "If ever I built a temple gracious in thine eyes." A mistranslation of Pope's.

Thus Chryses pray'd: the fav'ring power attends,  
 And from Olympus'<sup>a</sup> lofty tops descends.  
 Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound;  
 Fierce as he mov'd, his silver shafts resound.  
 Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread, 65  
 And gloomy darkness roll'd around his head.  
 The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,  
 And hissing fly the feather'd fates below.  
 On mules and dogs th' infection first began;  
 And last, the vengeful arrows fix'd in man.<sup>a</sup> 70  
 For nine long nights, through all the dusky air  
 The pyres thick-flaming shot a dismal glare.  
 But ere the tenth revolving day was run,  
 Inspir'd by Juno, Thetis' god-like son<sup>a</sup>

62. OLYMPUS, a mountain on the northern border of Thessaly, on the summit of which Jupiter was supposed to hold his court. "It was covered with pleasant woods," and full of "caves and grottoes." A cloud of invisibility was cast about the summit. Cf. *Iliad*, Book V, l. 749 *seq.* Often indeed, even in Homer (cf. *Odyssey*, Book XI, l. 315 *seq.*, and Book VI, l. 42 *seq.*), and always in the later mythology, Olympus was identified with the heavens.

70. The shafts that Apollo and Diana bore were aimed not only against the Python and the flying deer, but were often turned against man; cf. Niobe, Gayley's *Mythology*, p. 126. These two divinities were held to be the authors of all premature and sudden deaths. For a description of the plague of Ægina, in many respects like this, and also for the origin of the Myrmidons, see Gayley's *Ægina*, p. 100.

74. Achilles, son of Peleus and the Nereid Thetis. The name of Nereus, her father, however, belongs in the later Greek mythology. To Homer he is only "The Ancient of the Sea," Leaf. For the story of Thetis, see Gayley, p. 277.

Conven'd to council all the Grecian train ; 75  
 For much the goddess mourn'd her heroes slain.

Th' assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,  
 Achilles thus the king of men address'd :

"Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore,  
 And measure back the seas we cross'd before? 80  
 The plague destroying whom the sword would spare,  
 'Tis time to save the few remains of war.  
 But let some prophet or some sacred sage,  
 Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage ;  
 Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove 85  
 By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from Jove.<sup>a</sup>  
 If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,  
 Let altars smoke, and hecatombs<sup>a</sup> be paid.  
 So heaven aton'd shall dying Greece restore,  
 And Phœbus dart his burning shafts no more." 90

He said, and sat : when Chalcas thus replied,  
 Chalcas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide,  
 That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view  
 The past, the present, and the future knew :  
 Uprising slow, the venerable sage 95  
 Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age :

86. In the opening of Book II, Jupiter is represented be-  
 guiling Agamemnon with a dream. From this passage Leaf  
 points to the simplicity of the Homeric soothsaying in con-  
 trast to the elaborate system that prevailed at later times in  
 Greece and Rome. "The Homeric priests in no case form a  
 caste apart . . . they fight with the rest." Chalcas, how-  
 ever, does not appear on the battlefield.

88. Originally a sacrifice of a hundred oxen, but used less  
 definitely to denote any great sacrifice.

"Belov'd of Jove, Achilles! would'st thou know  
 Why angry Phoebus bends his fatal bow?  
 First give thy faith, and plight a prince's word  
 Of sure protection, by thy pow'r and sword, 100  
 For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,  
 And truths, invidious to the great, reveal.  
 Bold is the task, when subjects, grown too wise,  
 Instruct a monarch where his error lies;  
 For though we deem the short-liv'd fury past, 105  
 'Tis sure, the mighty will revenge at last."

To whom Pelides:<sup>a</sup> "From thy inmost soul  
 Speak what thou know'st, and speak without control.  
 Ev'n by that god I swear, who rules the day,<sup>a</sup>  
 To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey, 110  
 And whose blest oracles thy lips declare:  
 Long as Achilles breathes this vital<sup>a</sup> air,  
 No daring Greek, of all the numerous band,  
 Against his priest shall lift an impious hand:  
 Not ev'n the chief by whom our hosts are led, 115  
 The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head."

Encouraged thus, the blameless man replies:  
 "Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,  
 But he, our chief, provok'd the raging pest,  
 Apollo's vengeance for his injur'd priest. 120

107. Cf. l. 7. Observe also the omission of the verb "said." This does not happen in Homer. In addition to that, Homer always uses a whole line in introducing a speech, *e. g.*, "To him then made answer fleet-footed goodly Achilles":

109. Cf. l. 52.

112. Life-giving.

Nor will the god's awaken'd fury cease,  
 But plagues shall spread, and funeral fires increase,  
 Till the great king, without a ransom paid,  
 To her own Chrysa send the black-ey'd<sup>a</sup> maid.  
 Perhaps, with added sacrifice and prayer, 125  
 The priest may pardon, and the god may spare."

B The prophet spoke; when, with a gloomy frown,  
 The monarch started from his shining throne;<sup>a</sup>  
 Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire,  
 And from his eyeballs flash'd the living fire. 130  
 "Augur<sup>a</sup> accurs'd! denouncing mischief still,  
 Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill!  
 Still must that tongue some wounding message bring,  
 And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king?  
 For this are Phœbus' oracles explor'd, 135  
 To teach the Greeks to murmur at their lord?  
 For this with falsehoods is my honour stain'd,  
 Is heaven offended, and a priest profaned,  
 Because my prize, my beauteous maid, I hold,  
 And heav'nly charms prefer to proffer'd gold? 140  
 A maid, unmatch'd in manners as in face,  
 Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace;  
 Not half so dear were Clytæmnestra's<sup>a</sup> charms,

124. In the original, "bright-eyed."

128. There is no mention of a "shining throne" in the text. This is one of Pope's ornamentations.

131. Soothsayer.

143. Agamemnon's queen. On the return of her lord from Troy, she conspired with her lover, Ægisthus, against Agamemnon, and murdered him. This is the subject of Æschylus' greatest tragedy, the *Agamemnon*.

When first her blooming beauties bless'd my arms.  
 Yet, if the gods demand her, let her sail; 145  
 Our cares are only for the public weal:  
 Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,  
 And suffer, rather than my people fall.  
 The prize, the beauteous prize, I will resign,  
 So dearly valued, and so justly mine. 150  
 But since for common good I yield the fair,  
 My private loss let grateful Greece repair;  
 Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,  
 That he alone has fought and bled in vain."  
 "Insatiate king!" (Achilles thus replies) 155  
 "Fond of the pow'r, but fonder of the prize!  
 Wouldst thou the Greeks their lawful prey should  
     yield,  
 The due reward of many a well-fought field?  
 The spoils of cities razed, and warriors slain,  
 We share with justice, as with toil we gain: 160  
 But to resume whate'er thy avarice craves  
 (That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves.  
 Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,  
 The spoils of Ilion shall thy loss requite,  
 Whene'er, by Jove's decree, our conqu'ring pow'rs 165  
 Shall humble to the dust her lofty tow'rs."  
 Then thus the king: "Shall I my prize resign  
 With tame content, and thou possess'd of thine?  
 Great as thou art, and like a god in fight,  
 Think not to rob me of a soldier's right. 170  
 At thy demand shall I restore the maid?  
 First let the just equivalent be paid;



Such as a king might ask ; and let it be  
 A treasure worthy ~~her~~, and worthy me.  
 Or<sup>a</sup> grant me this, or<sup>a</sup> with a monarch's claim 175  
 This hand shall seize some other captive dame.  
 The mighty Ajax<sup>a</sup> shall his prize resign,  
 Ulysses'<sup>a</sup> spoils, or e'en thy own, be mine.  
 The man who suffers, loudly may complain ;  
 And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain. 180  
 But this when time requires. It now remains  
 We launch a bark to plough the wat'ry plains,  
 And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,  
 With chosen pilots, and with lab'ring oars.  
 Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend, 185  
 And some deputed prince the charge attend.  
 This Creta's king,<sup>a</sup> or Ajax shall fulfil,  
 Or wise Ulysses see perform'd our will ;  
 Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,  
 Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main ; 190  
 Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,  
 The god propitiate, and the pest assuage."

175. An antiquated and poetic usage for *either* . . . *or*.

177. AJAX TELAMON, next to Achilles the strongest of the Grecian warriors, and a match for Hector himself, cf. Book XIV. To be distinguished from Ajax Oileus, who led the Locrian squadrons, also a famous chief.

178. King of Ithaca, a small rocky island off the west coast of Greece, and the wiliest of the Greeks. His adventures on his return home after the fall of Troy are the subject of the *Odyssey*.

187. Idomeneus. He is the principal figure in Book XIII.



At this, Pelides, frowning stern, replied :  
 "O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride!  
 Inglorious slave to int'rest, ever join'd 195  
 With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind!  
 What gen'rous Greek, obedient to thy word,  
 Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword?  
 What cause have I to war at thy decree?  
 The distant Trojans never injured me: 200  
 To Phthia's<sup>a</sup> realms no hostile troops they led;  
 Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed;  
 Far hence remov'd, the hoarse-resounding main,  
 And walls of rocks, secure my native reign,  
 Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace, 205  
 Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.  
 Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,  
 T' avenge a private, not a public wrong:  
 What else to Troy th' assembled nations draws,  
 But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause? 210  
 Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve,  
 Disgraced and injur'd by the man we serve?  
 And dar'st thou threat to snatch my prize away,  
 Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?

201. Achilles' home in Thessaly. The original is: "Not by reason of the Trojan spearmen came I hither to fight, for they have not wronged me; never did they harry mine oxen or my horses, nor ever waste my harvest in deep-soiled Phthia, the nurse of men; seeing there lieth between us long space of shadowy mountains and sounding sea."

Chapman has,

"hills enow and far resounding seas  
 Pour out their shades and deeps between,"

A prize as small, O tyrant! match'd with thine, 215  
As thy own actions if compar'd to mine.  
Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,  
Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.  
Some trivial present to my ships I bear,  
Or barren praises pay the wounds of war. 220  
But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more:  
My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore.  
Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,  
What spoils, what conquests, shall Atrides gain?"  
To this the king: "Fly, mighty warrior! fly, 225  
Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy:  
There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,  
And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.  
Of all the kings (the gods' distinguish'd care)<sup>a</sup>  
To pow'r superior none such hatred bear; 230  
Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,  
And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.  
If thou hast strength, 'twas Heav'n that strength be-  
stow'd,  
For know, vain man! thy valour is from God.  
Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away, 235  
Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway:  
I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate  
Thy short-liv'd friendship, and thy groundless hate.

229. Of all the kings, none bear such hatred to superior power as you do. "The gods' distinguished care," refers to all kings, who were, to be more literal than Pope, "foster-lings of Zeus."

Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons;<sup>a</sup> but here  
 'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear. 240  
 Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand,  
 My bark shall waft her to her native land;  
 But then prepare, imperious prince! prepare,  
 Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair:  
 E'en in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize, 245  
 Thy lov'd Briseïs,<sup>a</sup> with the radiant eyes.  
 Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour,  
 Thou stood'st a rival of imperial pow'r;  
 And hence to all our host it shall be known  
 That kings are subject to the gods alone." 250

Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress'd;  
 His heart swell'd high, and labour'd in his breast.  
 Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom rul'd,  
 Now fir'd by wrath, and now by reason cool'd:  
 That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword, 255  
 Force thro' the Greeks, and pierce their haughtv  
 lord;

This whispers soft his vengeance to control,  
 And calm the rising tempest of his soul.  
 Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,  
 While half unsheath'd appear'd the glitt'ring blade, 260

239. Achilles' subjects. The epithet "earth born" is Pope's.

246. A woman of Lyrnessus that had fallen to the lot of Achilles at the sack of that city. Constantly during the progress of the war the Greeks had been making foraging expeditions in the country and islands adjacent to Troy, and many cities had been taken and sacked,

Minerva<sup>a</sup> swift descended from above,  
 Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove  
 (For both the princes claim'd her equal care);  
 Behind she stood, and by the golden hair<sup>a</sup>  
 Achilles seiz'd; to him alone confess'd; 265  
 A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.<sup>a</sup>  
 He sees, and sudden to the goddess cries,  
 Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes:  
 "Descends Minerva, in her guardian care,  
 A heav'nly witness of the wrongs I bear 270  
 From Atreus' son? Then let those eyes that view  
 The daring crime, behold the vengeance too."

261. Pallas Athene, the goddess of wisdom. She and Juno are the most active supporters of the Greeks.

264. "There is an exquisite tenderness in this laying her hand on his hair, for it is the talisman of his life, vowed to his own Thessalian river if he ever returned to its shore, and cast upon Patroclus' pile, so ordaining that there should be no return." Ruskin, *Queen of the Air*.

266. The "sable cloud" is Pope's own invention. The original is, "She stood behind Peleus' son and caught him by his golden hair, to him only visible, and of the rest no man beheld her."

The cloud of invisibility is, however, common enough in Homer. Athene, when Ulysses enters the city of the Phæacians, casts a deep mist about him; and Jupiter veils from sight himself and Juno on the top of Mount Ida, in a most royal fashion. "So spake he, and the son of Kronos clasped his consort in his arms. And beneath them the divine earth sent forth fresh new grass, and dewy lotus, and crocus, and hyacinth, thick and soft, that raised them aloft from the ground. Therein they lay, and were clad on with a fair golden cloud, whence fell drops of glittering dew."

"Forbear!" (the progeny<sup>a</sup> of Jove replies)  
"To calm thy fury I forsake the skies:  
Let great Achilles, to the gods resign'd, 275  
To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.  
By awful Juno this command is giv'n;  
The king and you are both the care of heav'n.  
The force of keen reproaches let him feel,  
But sheathe, obedient, thy revenging steel. 280  
For I pronounce (and trust a heav'nly pow'r)  
Thy injur'd honour has its fated hour,  
When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,  
And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.  
Then let revenge no longer bear the sway, 285  
Command thy passions, and the gods obey."

To her Pelides: "With regardful ear,  
'Tis just, O goddess! I thy dictates hear.  
Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress:  
Those who revere the gods, the gods will bless." 290  
He said, observant of the blue-ey'd maid;  
Then in the sheath return'd the shining blade.  
The goddess swift to high Olympus flies,  
And joins the sacred senate of the skies.

Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook, 295  
Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke:  
"O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,  
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!<sup>a</sup>

273. Commonly used collectively.

298. This reproach carries with it a keen sting, for Agamemnon is not at all times all that might be expected of a

When wert thou known in ambush'd fights<sup>a</sup> to dare,  
 Or nobly face the horrid front of war? 300  
 'Tis ours, the chance of fighting fields to try,  
 Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die.  
 So much 'tis safer through the camp to go,  
 And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.  
 Scourge of thy people, violent and base! 305  
 Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race,  
 Who lost to sense of generous freedom past,  
 Are tam'd to wrongs, or this had been thy last.  
 Now by this sacred sceptre hear me swear,  
 Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear, 310  
 Which, sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)  
 On the bare mountains left its parent tree;

leader—sometimes, indeed, brave, and then again weakly yielding and irresolute.

Pope is more plain-spoken here than usual. In Helen's speech to Hector in Book VI, he will not translate her "my brother, even mine that am a dog mischievous and abominable." So also in Book XI, where Homer likens Ajax to an ass, Pope fearing to shock the reader will not translate it literally, but with a circumlocution: "As the slow beast with heavy strength endued." Pope's defense of this line is so thoroughly characteristic that perhaps it is worth noting here.

"Boileau and Longinus, he tells us, would approve the omission of mean and vulgar words. 'Ass' is the vilest word imaginable in English or Latin, but of dignity enough in Greek or Hebrew to be employed 'on the most magnificent occasions.'"—Stephens' *Pope*.

299. It was thought that the valor of men was best proven in "ambush'd fights."



This sceptre, form'd by temper'd steel<sup>a</sup> to prove  
 An ensign of the delegates of Jove,<sup>a</sup>  
 From whom the pow'r of laws and justice springs 315  
 (Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings):  
 By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again  
 Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.  
 When, flushed with slaughter, Hector comes to spread  
 The purpled<sup>a</sup> shore with mountains of the dead, 320  
 Then shalt thou mourn th' affront thy madness gave,  
 Forced to deplore, when impotent to save:  
 Then rage in bitterness of soul, to know  
 This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe."<sup>a</sup>

He spoke; and furious hurl'd against the ground 325  
 His sceptre starr'd with golden studs around;  
 Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain,  
 The raging king return'd his frowns again.

To calm their passion with the words of age  
 Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage,<sup>a</sup> 330

313. *I. e.*, an axe. A characteristic Pope-ism.

314. The passage is misleading. Cf. the original—"the staff studded with golden nails." It was not a kingly sceptre, but "was handed in the assembly to the speaker for the time, and gave him 'possession of the house.'"—*Leaf*. DELEGATES OF JOVE.—Kings.

320. Stained with blood.

324. The manner in which it was permissible to the hero to speak of his own prowess, must seem a little strange to us, but this is so general throughout classical literature that it needs no more than a passing comment. Nestor indulges in this far more than the other chiefs, but this seems partly the privilege of his advanced years.

330. Nestor, King of Pylos and Messenia, and the oldest

Experienced Nestor, in persuasion skill'd ;  
 Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd :  
 Two generations now had pass'd away,  
 Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway ;  
 'Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd, 335  
 And now th' example of the third remain'd.  
 All view'd with awe the venerable man ;  
 Who thus, with mild benevolence, began :  
 "What shame, what woe is this to Greece ! what joy  
 To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of Troy ! 340  
 That adverse gods commit to stern debate  
 The best, the bravest of the Grecian state.  
 Young as you are, this youthful heat restrain,  
 Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain.  
 A godlike race of heroes once I knew, 345  
 Such as no more these aged eyes shall view !  
 Lives there a chief to match Pirithous<sup>a</sup> fame,  
 Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name ;

of the Grecian warriors at Troy. A favorite character of Homer's. His name even to-day is a by-word for sage wisdom and prudence.

347. **PIRITHOUS**, King of the Lapithae, a Thessalian tribe, was a son of Ixion, and he rivaled his father's daring by trying, with the help of Theseus, to carry off Proserpina for his wife. He was noted also for the war he waged against the Centaurs.

348-350. **DRYAS** and **CENEUS**, Lapithean chiefs, so also **POLYPHEMUS** (not to be confounded with the great Cyclops Polyphemus of the *Odyssey*.) **THESEUS**, the most famous of the legendary kings of Athens, concerning whom see Gayley, p. 259 *seq.*

Theseus, endued with more than mortal might,  
 Or Polyphemus, like the gods in fight? 350  
 With these of old to toils of battle bred,  
 In early youth my hardy days I led;  
 Fir'd with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,  
 And smit with love of honourable deeds.  
 Strongest of men, they pierced the mountain boar,<sup>a</sup> 355  
 Ranged the wild deserts red with monsters' gore,  
 And from their hills the shaggy Centaurs<sup>a</sup> tore.  
 Yet these with soft persuasive arts I sway'd;  
 When Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd.  
 If in my youth, e'en these esteem'd me wise, 360  
 Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise.  
 Atrides, seize not on the beauteous slave;  
 That prize the Greeks by common suffrage gave:  
 Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with pride;  
 Let kings be just, and sov'reign pow'r preside. 365  
 Thee, the first honours of the war adorn,  
 Like gods in strength, and of a goddess born;  
 Him, awful majesty exalts above  
 The pow'rs of earth, and sceptred sons of Jove.  
 Let both unite with well-consenting mind, 370  
 So shall authority with strength be join'd.  
 Leave me, O king! to calm Achilles' rage;

355. Triple rhyming. Occasional in Pope and the poets who use the couplet.

357. For an account of the Centaurs, see Gayley's *Mythology*. An exquisite piece of work descriptive of the life of these strange beings is *The Centaur*, by Maurice de Guérin.

Rule thou thyself, as more advanced in age.  
 Forbid it, gods! Achilles should be lost,  
 The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our host." 375

This said, he ceas'd: the king of men replies:  
 "Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.  
 But that imperious, that unconquer'd soul,  
 No laws **can** limit, no respect control:  
 Before his pride must his superiors fall, 380  
 His word the law, and he the lord of all?  
 Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourself<sup>a</sup> obey?  
 What king can bear a rival in his sway?  
 Grant that the gods his matchless force have giv'n;  
 Has foul reproach a privilege from heav'n?" 385

Here on the monarch's speech Achilles broke,  
 And furious, thus, and interrupting, spoke:  
 "Tyrant, I well deserv'd thy galling chain,  
 To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain,  
 Should I submit to each unjust decree: 390  
 Command thy vassals, but command not me.  
 Seize on Briseïs,<sup>a</sup> whom the Grecians doom'd  
 My prize of war,<sup>a</sup> yet tamely see resum'd;  
 And seize secure; no more Achilles draws  
 His conqu'ring sword in any woman's cause. 395  
 The gods command me to forgive the past;  
 But let this first invasion be the last:

382. OURSELF.—A use common with royalty.

392. The prose translation, "Ye gave and ye have taken away."

393. To yield a prize of honor was an almost unpardonable confession of weakness.

For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'st invade,  
Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade."<sup>a</sup>

At this they ceas'd; the stern debate expir'd: 400  
The chiefs in sullen majesty retir'd.

Achilles with Patroclus<sup>a</sup> took his way,  
Where near his tents his hollow vessels lay.  
Meantime Atrides launch'd with numerous oars  
A well-rigg'd ship for Chrysa's sacred shores: 405  
High on the deck was fair Chryseïs placed,  
And sage Ulysses with the conduct graced:  
Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stow'd,  
Then, swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.

The host to expiate next the king prepares, 410  
With pure lustrations and with solemn pray'rs.  
Wash'd by the briny wave,<sup>a</sup> the pious train  
Are cleans'd; and cast th' ablutions in the main.  
Along the shore whole hecatombs were laid,  
And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid. 415  
The sable fumes in curling spires arise,  
And waft their grateful odours to the skies.

399. Note the picturesqueness of the original, "Forth-with thy dark blood shall gush about my spear."

402. Achilles' bosom friend, whose death, Book XVI, was the means of reconciling the angered chief.

412. Salt water was essential to proper lustration. If sea water was not to be had, salt was sprinkled in the water. The custom of purification was not peculiar to the Greeks; cf. the Hebrew observance of such rites. Keats,

"The moving waters at their priest-like task  
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,"

The army thus in sacred rites engaged,  
 Atrides still with deep resentment raged.  
 To wait his will two sacred heralds stood,<sup>a</sup> 420  
 Talthymbius and Eurybates the good.

"Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent," (he cries),  
 "Thence bear Briseïs as our royal prize:  
 Submit he must; or, if they will not part,  
 Ourself in arms shall tear her from his heart." 425

Th' unwilling heralds act their lord's commands;  
 Pensive they walk along the barren sands:  
 Arriv'd, the hero in his tent they find,  
 With gloomy aspect, on his arm reclin'd.  
 At awful distance long they silent stand, 430  
 Loth to advance, or speak their hard command;  
 Decent confusion! This the godlike man  
 Perceiv'd, and thus with accent mild began:

"With leave and honour enter our abodes,  
 Ye sacred ministers of men and gods! 435  
 I know your message; by constraint you came;  
 Not you, but your imperious lord, I blame.  
 Patroclus, haste, the fair Briseïs bring;  
 Conduct my captive to the haughty king.  
 But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow, 440  
 Witness to gods above; and men below!  
 But first, and loudest, to your prince declare,  
 That lawless tyrant whose commands you bear;  
 Unmov'd as death Achilles shall remain,

420. There were few things that the Greeks regarded as more sacred than the person of a herald. Cf. Achilles' speech, l. 434 *seq.*



Though prostrate Greece should bleed at ev'ry vein : 445  
 The raging chief in frantic passion lost,  
 Blind to himself, and useless to his host,  
 Unskill'd to judge the future by the past,  
 In blood and slaughter shall repent at last."

Patroclus now th' unwilling beauty brought ; 450  
 She, in soft sorrows, and in pensive thought,  
 Pass'd silent, as the heralds held her hand,  
 And oft look'd back, slow-moving o'er the strand.

Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore ;  
 But sad retiring to the sounding shore, 455  
 O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,  
 That kindred deep from whence his mother sprung ;  
 There, bath'd in tears of anger and disdain,  
 Thus loud lamented to the stormy main :

"O parent goddess! since in early bloom 460  
 Thy son must fall, by too severe a doom;<sup>a</sup>  
 Sure, to so short a race of glory born,  
 Great Jove in justice should this span adorn.  
 Honour and fame at least the Thund'rer<sup>a</sup> owed ;  
 And ill he pays the promise of a god, 465  
 If yon proud monarch thus thy son defies,  
 Obscures my glories, and resumes<sup>a</sup> my prize."

461. Fatalism is a prominent characteristic of the classic faith, and finds abundant expression in both epic and drama. It is the part of a man to endure all evils well. Cf. also Book XXIV, l. 660.

464. An epithet for Jove. The thunderbolt was Jove's own weapon; none of the other gods wielded it, except Pallas, and she rarely.

467. Cf. Lat. *resumere*, to take back.

Far in the deep recesses of the main,  
 Where aged Ocean<sup>a</sup> holds his wat'ry reign,  
 The goddess-mother heard. The waves divide ; 470  
 And like a mist she rose above the tide ;  
 Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,  
 And thus the sorrows of his soul explores :<sup>a</sup>  
 "Why grieves my son? Thy anguish let me share,  
 Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care." 475

He deeply sighing said : "To tell my woe,  
 Is but to mention what too well you know.  
 From Thebè,<sup>a</sup> sacred to Apollo's name,  
 (Eëtion's realm), our conqu'ring army came,  
 With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils, 480  
 Whose just division crown'd the soldier's toils ;  
 But bright Chryseïs, heav'nly prize ! was led  
 By vote selected to the gen'ral's bed.  
 The priest of Phœbus sought by gifts to gain  
 His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain ; 485  
 The fleet he reach'd, and, lowly bending down,  
 Held forth the sceptre and the laurel crown,  
 Entreating all ; but chief implor'd for grace  
 The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race :  
 The gen'rous Greeks their joint consent declare,<sup>a</sup> 490

469. Oceanus was the Titan god of the seas, though this name does not occur in the text.

473. EXPLORE, frequently used by Pope for *inquire*.

478. A town near Troy.

490-494. Homer often repeats whole lines in this way. Especially, when any message is to be delivered or command is to be given, it is reproduced word for word to the

The priest to reverence, and release the fair.  
 Not so Atrides : he, with wonted pride,  
 The sire insulted, and his gifts denied :  
 Th' insulted sire (his god's peculiar care)<sup>a</sup>  
 To Phœbus pray'd, and Phœbus heard the pray'r : 495  
 A dreadful plague ensues ;<sup>a</sup> th' avenging darts  
 Incessant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts.  
 A prophet then, inspir'd by heaven, arose,  
 And points the crime, and thence derives the woes :  
 Myself the first th' assembled chiefs incline 500  
 T' avert the vengeance of the pow'r divine ;  
 Then, rising in his wrath, the monarch storm'd ;  
 Incens'd he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd :  
 The fair Chryseïs to her sire was sent,  
 With offer'd gifts to make the god relent ; 505  
 But now he seiz'd Briseïs' heav'nly charms,  
 And of my valour's prize defrauds my arms,  
 Defrauds<sup>a</sup> the votes of all the Grecian train ;  
 And service, faith, and justice plead in vain.  
 But, goddess ! thou thy suppliant son attend, 510  
 To high Olympus' shining court ascend,  
 Urge all the ties to former service ow'd,  
 And sue for vengeance to the thund'ring god.

end. Pope does not always follow this out in his translation, although he most commonly does. He gives his reasons for his slight variations in this respect in his introduction to the poem.

496. Note the change to the historic present ; but present and past are badly mixed up in the verbs that follow.

508. Rather, dishonors.

Oft hast thou triumph'd in the glorious boast  
 That thou stood'st forth, of all th' ethereal host, 515  
 When bold rebellion shook the realms above,  
 Th' undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove,  
 When the bright partner of his awful reign,  
 The warlike maid, and monarch of the main,  
 The traitor-gods, by mad ambition driv'n, 520  
 Durst threat with chains th' omnipotence of heav'n.<sup>a</sup>  
 Then call'd by thee, the monster Titan<sup>a</sup> came  
 (Whom gods Briareus, men Ægeon name) ;  
 Through wond'ring skies enormous stalk'd along ;  
 Not he that shakes the solid earth<sup>a</sup> so strong : 525  
 With giant-pride at Jove's high throne he stands,  
 And brandish'd round him all his hundred hands.  
 Th' affrighted gods confess'd their awful lord,  
 They dropp'd the fetters, trembled and ador'd.  
 This, goddess, this to his rememb'rance call, 530

521. He actually was bound with chains, according to Homer. "This strange legend of the binding of Zeus is not known from other sources, nor is it again mentioned in Homer."—*Leaf*.

522. One of the early race of gods who ruled the world before Jupiter with his thunderbolts overthrew them. As to the double name, Briareus among the gods, and Ægeon among men, it is doubtful what we are to infer from this and a few similar passages in the *Iliad*, whether it was believed that the gods spoke a different language from men or not. Briareus, with his hideous and grotesque strength, seems more akin to the Scandinavian or to the Hindoo than to the Greek mythology.

525. Neptune. Homer's constant epithet is "the earth-shaker," from a belief that earthquakes were due to him.

Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall ;  
 Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,  
 To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,  
 To heap the shores with copious death<sup>a</sup> and bring  
 The Greeks to know the curse of such a king : 535  
 Let Agamemnon lift his haughty head  
 O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,  
 And mourn in blood, that e'er he durst disgrace  
 The boldest warrior of the Grecian race."  
 "Unhappy son!" (fair Thetis thus replies, 540  
 While tears celestial trickle from her eyes,)  
 "Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes,  
 To fates averse,<sup>a</sup> and nurs'd for future woes?  
 So short a space the light of heav'n to view!  
 So short a space! and fill'd with sorrow too! 545  
 O, might a parent's careful wish prevail,  
 Far, far from Ilion<sup>a</sup> should thy vessels sail,  
 And thou, from camps remote, the danger shun,  
 Which now, alas! too nearly threatens my son.  
 Yet (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go 550  
 To great Olympus crown'd with fleecy snow.  
 Meantime, secure within thy ships, from far  
 Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.  
 The sire of gods, and all th' ethereal train,

534. A pretty bold metaphor, but after the manner of the eighteenth century.

543. To evil fates. Literally "turned away"—Latin *avertere*.

547. ILION, or Ilium, a name of Troy, derived from Ilus, one of the early kings.

On the warm limits of the farthest main, 555  
 Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace  
 The feasts of Æthiopia's blameless race:<sup>a</sup>  
 Twelve days the powers indulge the genial rite,  
 Returning with the twelfth revolving light.  
 Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move 560  
 The high tribunal of immortal Jove."

The goddess spoke: the rolling waves uncloze;  
 Then down the deep she plunged, from whence she  
 rose,

And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast  
 In wild resentment for the fair he lost. 565

In Chrysa's port now sage Ulysses rode;  
 Beneath the deck the destin'd victims stow'd:  
 The sails they furl'd, they lash'd the mast aside,<sup>a</sup>  
 And dropp'd their anchors, and the pinnace tied.  
 Next on the shore their hecatomb they land, 570

557. The Greeks believed there were two races of men of pure and blameless lives dwelling near the extreme borders of the world, on the shores of the great encircling ocean stream. The Ethiopians, according to some, dwelt in the far south, and the Hyperboreans in the far north. With these the gods lived, when they were inclined, on the most intimate terms, as they were wont to do among the rest of mankind before they had fallen from their original state of purity. In the *Odyssey* the Ethiopians are described as "sundered in twain, the uttermost of men, abiding, some where Hyperion sinks, and some where he rises."

568. "Lowered the mast by the forestays, and brought it to the crutch with speed." "Cast out the mooring stones, and made fast the hawsers." Pope had little knowledge of sea terms,



Chryseïs last descending on the strand.  
 Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,  
 Ulysses led to Phœbus' sacred fane;  
 Where at his solemn altar, as the maid  
 He gave to Chryses, thus the hero said:

575

“Hail, rev'rend priest! to Phœbus' awful dome<sup>a</sup>  
 A suppliant I from great Atrides come:  
 Unransom'd here receive the spotless fair;  
 Accept the hecatomb the Greeks prepare;  
 And may thy god, who scatters darts around,  
 Aton'd by sacrifice, desist to wound.”

580

At this the sire embraced the maid again,  
 So sadly lost, so lately sought in vain.  
 Then near the altar of the darting king,<sup>a</sup>  
 Dispos'd in rank their hecatomb they bring:  
 With water purify their hands, and take  
 The sacred off'ring of the salted cake;  
 While thus with arms devoutly rais'd in air,  
 And solemn voice, the priest directs his prayer:

585

“God of the silver bow, thy ear incline,  
 Whose power encircles Cilla the divine;  
 Whose sacred eye thy Tenedos surveys,  
 And gilds fair Chrysa with distinguish'd rays!<sup>a</sup>  
 If, fir'd to vengeance at thy priest's request,

590

576. Latin *domus*, house. Pope seems to consider the word applicable to any species of building.

584. Homer's epithet, though not in this passage, is “the far-darter.”

593. Cf. l. 52. Probably, lights up Chrysa with especially brilliant rays. The translation of the passage is very inexact.

Thy direful darts inflict the raging pest ; 595  
 Once more attend ! avert the wasteful woe,  
 And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow."

So Chryses pray'd. Apollo heard his prayer :  
 And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare ;<sup>a</sup>  
 Between their horns the salted barley threw, 600  
 And with their heads to heav'n the victims slew :  
 The limbs they sever from th' inclosing hide ;  
 The thighs, selected to the gods, divide :  
 On these, in double cauls<sup>a</sup> involv'd with art,  
 The choicest morsels lay from every part. 605  
 The priest himself before his altar stands,  
 And burns the offering with his holy hands,  
 Pours the black wine, and sees the flames aspire ;  
 The youths with instruments surround the fire :  
 The thighs thus sacrificed, and entrails drest, 610  
 Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest :  
 Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,  
 Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.

599. What follows is a detailed description of a Homeric sacrifice. There are several such passages in the *Iliad*. An offering at this period consisted either of fruits or of the bodies of slain animals or of both. Originally the whole animal was burned, but later only the choicest portions, the rest serving for a feast on the occasion. "When the sacrifice was to be offered to the Olympic gods, the head of the animal was drawn heavenward ; when to the gods of the lower world, to heroes, or to the dead, it was drawn downward." While the flesh was burning on the altar, wine and incense were poured on it.

604. Double rolls of fat. INVOLVED, wrapped.

When now the rage<sup>a</sup> of hunger was repress'd,  
 With pure libations they conclude the feast ; 615  
 The youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,  
 And, pleas'd, dispense the flowing bowls around.  
 With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,  
 The Pæans<sup>a</sup> lengthen'd till the sun descends :  
 The Greeks, restor'd, the grateful notes prolong : 620  
 Apollo listens, and approves the song.  
 'Twas night ; the chiefs beside their vessel lie,  
 Till rosy morn had purpled o'er the sky :<sup>a</sup>  
 Then launch, and hoise the mast ; indulgent<sup>a</sup> gales,  
 Supplied by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails ; 625  
 The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,  
 The parted ocean foams and roars below :  
 Above the bounding billows swift they flew,

614. Pope has no other word for hunger. In fact there are few passions that Pope conceives to be normally excited; there must always be something extreme about them.

619. A hymn originally sung in honor of Apollo; later the name has a more general usage.

623. "And when rosy-fingered Dawn appeared, the child of the morning." An epithet of the dawn very common in both *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Cf. *Odyssey* V: "So soon as early dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered." Homer is full of fine epithets for the morning, "fair-tressed Dawn," etc. Chapman translates this passage—

"And when the Lady of the light, the rosy-fingered Morn,  
 Rose from the hills, all fresh arose, and to the camp retired,  
 Apollo with a fore-right wind their swelling bark inspired.  
 The top-mast hoisted, milk-white sails on his round breast they put,  
 The mizzens strooted with the gale, the ship her course did cut,  
 So swiftly that the parted waves against her ribs did roar."

624. Favoring.

Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.  
 Far on the beach they haul their bark to land, 630  
 (The crooked<sup>a</sup> keel divides the yellow sand),  
 Then part, where stretch'd along the winding bay  
 The ships and tents in mingled prospect lay.

But, raging still, amidst his navy sate  
 The stern Achilles, steadfast in his hate; 635  
 Nor mix'd in combat, nor in council join'd;  
 But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind:  
 In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,<sup>a</sup>  
 And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.<sup>a</sup>

Twelve days were past, and now the dawning light<sup>a</sup> 640  
 The gods had summon'd to th' Olympian height:  
 Jove, first ascending from the wat'ry bowers,<sup>a</sup>  
 Leads the long order of ethereal powers.  
 When like the morning mist, in early day,  
 Rose from the flood the daughter of the sea; 645  
 And to the seats divine her flight address'd.  
 There, far apart, and high above the rest,  
 The Thunderer sat; where old Olympus shrouds  
 His hundred heads in heav'n,<sup>a</sup> and props the clouds.  
 Suppliant the goddess stood: one hand she placed 650  
 Beneath his beard, and one his knees embraced.

631. A gratuitous epithet, in the sense of *curved*.

638, 639. Poor rhetoric.

640. Cf. 558.

642. There is a mistake here; the Ethiopians were not sea gods. "Watery" is a misapplied epithet. There is no mention of anything of the sort in the text.

649. Always an exaggerated touch. "Kronos' son sitting apart from all on the topmost peak of many-ridged Olympus."

"If e'er, O father of the gods!" she said,<sup>a</sup>  
 "My words could please thee, or my actions aid;  
 Some marks of honour on thy son bestow,  
 And pay in glory what in life you owe. 655  
 Fame is at least by heav'nly promise due  
 To life so short and now dishonour'd too.  
 Avenge this wrong, oh ever just and wise!  
 Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise;  
 Till the proud king, and all th' Achaian<sup>a</sup> race 660  
 Shall heap with honours him they now disgrace."

Thus Thetis spoke, but Jove in silence held  
 The sacred counsels of his breast conceal'd.  
 Not so repuls'd, the goddess closer press'd,  
 Still grasp'd his knees,<sup>a</sup> and urged the dear request. 665  
 "O sire of gods and men! thy suppliant hear,  
 Refuse, or grant; for what has Jove to fear?  
 Or, oh! declare, of all the pow'rs above,  
 Is wretched Thetis least the care of Jove?"

She said, and sighing thus the god replies, 670  
 Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies:<sup>a</sup>

"What hast thou ask'd? Ah! why should Jove en-  
 gage

652. The following lines are a fair example of Pope's balance, that forever does wrong to the simplicity of the original.

660. One out of many instances where the name of a single Grecian state is made to stand for the whole people.

665. This was the common posture of a suppliant. Cf. Priam before Achilles, Book XXIV.

671. This line is represented in the original by a single epithet, "the cloud-gatherer," one of the commonest of all Homer's epithets.

In foreign contests, and domestic rage,  
 The gods' complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,  
 While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms? 675  
 Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway  
 With jealous eyes thy close access survey;  
 But part in peace, secure thy pray'r is sped:  
 Witness the sacred honours of our head,  
 The nod that ratifies the will divine, 680  
 The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable sign;  
 This seals thy suit, and this fulfils thy vows—"'  
 He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows,<sup>a</sup>  
 Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,  
 The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god: 685  
 High heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,  
 And all Olympus to the centre shook.  
 Swift to the seas profound the goddess flies,  
 Jove to his starry mansion in the skies.  
 The shining synod of th' immortals wait 690  
 The coming god, and from their thrones of state  
 Arising silent, rapt in holy fear,

683. "Kronion spake, and bowed his dark brow, and the ambrosial locks waved from the king's immortal head; and he made great Olympus quake." "This majestic description of Zeus was very famous in antiquity, and is said to have inspired Pheidias with the conception of his great statue of the god at Olympia."—*Leaf*.

For a similar inspiration see the parallelism between the famous statue of Laocoön, and the passage in Virgil describing the incident—though there has been some discussion as to which was the original in this case, the statue or the poem. See Lessing's *Laocoön*.



Before the majesty of heav'n appear.  
 Trembling they stand, while Jove assumes the throne,  
 All but the god's imperious queen alone: 695  
 Late had she view'd the silver-footed dame,  
 And all her passions kindled into flame.  
 "Say, artful manager of heaven," (she cries),<sup>a</sup>  
 Who now partakes the secrets of the skies?  
 Thy Juno knows not the decrees of fate, 700  
 In vain the partner of imperial state.  
 What fav'rite goddess then those cares divides,  
 Which Jove in prudence from his consort hides?"  
 To this the Thund'rer: "Seek not thou to find  
 The sacred counsels of almighty mind: 705  
 Involv'd in darkness lies the great decree,  
 Nor can the depths of fate be pierced by thee.  
 What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt know:  
 The first of gods above and men below:  
 But thou, nor they, shall search the thoughts that  
 roll 710  
 Deep in the close recesses of my soul."  
 Full on the sire, the goddess of the skies  
 Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes,<sup>a</sup>  
 And thus return'd: "Austere Saturnius,<sup>a</sup> say,

698 The line lacks dignity, but perhaps Pope meant it to express some of Juno's scorn.

713. "The ox-eyed queen." This is one of Homer's favorite epithets for Juno. Chapman renders it, "She with the cow's fair eyes."

714. A Latin form—son of Saturn. So, Kronides, in the Greek.

From whence this wrath, or who controls thy  
 sway? 715

Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force,  
 And all thy counsels take the destin'd course.  
 But 'tis for Greece I fear: for late was seen  
 In close consult<sup>a</sup> the silver-footed queen.  
 Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny, 720  
 Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.  
 What fatal<sup>a</sup> favour has the goddess won,  
 To grace her fierce inexorable son?  
 Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,  
 And glut his vengeance with my people slain." 725

Then thus the god: "Oh, restless fate of pride,  
 That strives to learn what heav'n resolves to hide;  
 Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhorr'd,  
 Anxious to thee, and odious to thy lord.  
 Let this suffice: th' immutable decree 730  
 No force can shake; what *is*, that *ought* to be.<sup>a</sup>  
 Goddess, submit, nor dare our will withstand,  
 But dread the pow'r of this avenging hand;  
 Th' united strength of all the gods above  
 In vain resists th' omnipotence of Jove." 735

The Thund'rer spoke, nor durst the queen reply;  
 A rev'rend horror silenced all the sky.

719. The verb form as a noun.

722. Either *fatal* to Ilion, or *fatal* because irrevocable—probably the latter.

731. The mere form of the last clause ought to render one suspicious of it. Cf. also, Pope, *Essay on Man*, "Whatever is is right."

The feast disturb'd, with sorrow Vulcan<sup>a</sup> saw  
 His mother m<sup>a</sup> r<sup>a</sup>ced, and the gods in awe ;  
 Peace at his heart, and pleasure his design,  
 Thus interpos'd the architect divine :

740

"The wretched quarrels of the mortal state

Are far unworthy, gods ! of your debate :

Let men their days in senseless strife employ,

We, in eternal peace, and constant joy.

745

Thou, goddess-mother, with our sire comply,

Nor break the sacred union of the sky :

Lest, rous'd to rage, he shake the blest abodes,

Launch the red lightning, and dethrone the gods.

If you submit, the Thund'rer stands appeas'd ;

750

The gracious pow'r is willing to be pleas'd."

Thus Vulcan spoke ; and, rising with a bound,

The double bowl with sparkling nectar crown'd,<sup>a</sup>

Which held to Juno in a cheerful way,

"Goddess," he cried, "be patient and obey.

755

Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,

I can but grieve, unable to defend.

What god so daring in your aid to move,

Or lift his hand against the force of Jove?

738. The blacksmith and craftsman of the gods. The maker of the armor of Achilles and the builder of the mansions of heaven. A lame god, and often a subject for mirth among the Olympians. An odd legend of later date has it that Juno was jealous of Jupiter at his being able, unaided, to give birth to Athene, so she tried a similar experiment, of which Vulcan was the result.

753. "Two-handled cup." NECTAR, the drink of the gods, as ambrosia was their food.

Once in your cause I felt his matchless might,<sup>a</sup> 760  
 Hurl'd headlong downward from th' ethereal height;  
 Toss'd all the day in rapid circles round;  
 Nor, till the sun descended, touch'd the ground:  
 Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost;  
 The Sinthians<sup>a</sup> rais'd me on the Lemnian coast." 765

He said, and to her hands the goblet heav'd,  
 Which, with a smile, the white-arm'd queen receiv'd.  
 Then to the rest he fill'd;<sup>a</sup> and, in his turn,

760. Compare with the following lines *Paradise Lost*,  
 Book I, l. 740 seq.:

"and how he fell  
 From Heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove  
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements, from morn  
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,  
 A summer's day, and with the setting sun  
 Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,  
 On Lemnos, the Ægean isle."

Also *Paradise Lost*, Book I, l. 45:

"Him the Almighty Power  
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky."

The story is in part told in the opening of Book XV. Juno, angry with Hercules, had driven him with storms over the sea—a favorite vengeance of hers, cf. the *Æneid*, Book I—and when Jupiter learned of it, he bound her, hand and foot, and, hanging two anvils on her feet, swung her out from heaven in mid-air. Vulcan, seeing his mother's sorry plight, endeavored to loose her, whereupon Jupiter caught him up by the foot and hurled him out of Olympus. Hercules seems to have inherited from his father a taste for this particular kind of vengeance. Cf. the story of Hercules and Lichas.

765. Original dwellers on Lemnos.

768. Hebe was the regular cupbearer to the gods—later, Ganymede,

Each to his lips applied the nectar'd urn.

Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies,

770

And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.

Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong,

In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song.

Apollo tun'd the lyre; the muses round

With voice alternate aid the silver sound.

775

Meantime the radiant sun, to mortal sight

Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light.<sup>a</sup>

Then to their starry<sup>a</sup> domes the gods depart,

777. "ROLL'D DOWN THE RAPID LIGHT," *i. e.*, bore it down below the verge of the world. Cf. *Comus*, l. 93 seq.:

"The star that bids the shepherd fold  
Now the top of heaven doth hold;  
And the gilded car of day  
His glowing axle doth allay  
In the steep Atlantic stream."

The original is very simple, "Now when the bright light of the sun was set."

778. Another of Pope's gratuitous epithets.

"It is impossible to leave this splendid book without noticing the supreme art with which all the leading characters on both the stages of the coming story have been introduced to us; drawn in strong strokes where not a touch is lost, and standing before us at once as finished types for all time. On earth we already know the contrast between the surly wrath of Agamemnon and the flaming, but placable passion of Achilles, and we have had a glimpse of the mild wisdom of Nestor, and the devoted friendship of Patroclus. In heaven the three chief actors, Zeus, Hera and Athene, already present themselves as the strong, but overweighted husband, the jealous and domineering wife, and the ideal of self-restraint and wise reflection. The third book will do the

The shining monuments of Vulcan's art :  
Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head,  
And Juno slumber'd on the golden bed.

780

same for the Trojan side, showing us, in vivid outline, Hector, Paris and Priam, and their chief advocate in heaven, the goddess Aphrodite, with her victim, Helen, the centre of the tragedy."—*Leaf, Companion to the Iliad*, p. 64.



## SUMMARY OF THE INTERMEDIATE BOOKS<sup>1</sup>

II. Zeus sends the Dream-god to the sleeping Agamemnon, and beguiles him to marshal all his host for battle. An assembly of the Greek army shows that the general voice is for going back to Greece, but at last the army is rallied. Catalogue of the Greek and Trojan forces.

III. The Trojan Paris, having challenged the Greek Menelaus to decide the war by single combat, a truce is made between the armies. Helen and Priam survey the Greek host from the walls of Troy. In the single combat, Aphrodite saves Paris.

IV. The Trojan Pandarus breaks the truce. Agamemnon marshals the Greek host. The armies join battle.

V. The prowess of the Greek Diomedes, who makes great slaughter of the Trojans, and, helped by Athene, wounds even Aphrodite and Ares.

<sup>1</sup> From Jebb's *Introduction to Homer*.

## BOOK VI

### THE EPISODES OF GLAUCUS AND DIOMED, AND OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

NOW heav'n forsakes the fight ; th' immortals yield  
To human force and human skill the field :  
Dark show'rs of jav'lins fly from foes to foes ;  
Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows ;  
While Troy's fam'd streams,<sup>a</sup> that bound the deathful  
plain

5

On either side, run purple to the main.

Great Ajax<sup>a</sup> first to conquest led the way,  
Broke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day.  
The Thracian Acamas his falchion found,<sup>a</sup>  
And hew'd th' enormous giant to the ground ; 10  
His thund'ring arm a deadly stroke impress'd  
Where the black horse-hair nodded o'er his crest :  
Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,  
And seals in endless shades his swimming eyes.

Next Teuthras' son distain'd the sands with blood, 15  
Axylus, hospitable, rich, and good :  
In fair Arisba's walls (his native place)  
He held his seat ; a friend to human race.

5. Simœis and Xanthus or Scamander.

7. Ajax Telamon. Cf. Book I, l. 177.

9. *I. e.*, the falchion of Ajax struck down Acamas,

Fast by the road, his ever-open door  
 Obliged the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor. 20  
 To stern Tydides<sup>a</sup> now he falls a prey,  
 No friend to guard him in the dreadful day!  
 Breathless the good man fell, and by his side  
 His faithful servant, old Calesius, died.

By great Euryalus was Dresus slain,<sup>a</sup> 25  
 And next he laid Opheltius on the plain.  
 Two twins<sup>a</sup> were near, bold, beautiful, and young,  
 From a fair Naiad<sup>a</sup> and Bucolion sprung:  
 (Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed,  
 That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed; 30  
 In secret woods he won the Naiad's grace,  
 And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace):  
 Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms;  
 The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.<sup>a</sup>

Astyalus by Polypœtes fell; 35  
 Ulysses' spear Pidytes sent to hell;  
 By Teucer's<sup>a</sup> shaft brave Aretaön bled,  
 And Nestor's son laid stern Ablerus dead;  
 Great Agamemnon, leader of the brave,  
 The mortal wound of rich Elatus gave, 40  
 Who held in Pedasus his proud abode,

21. Diomed, the principal figure in Book V. One of the noblest and most independent of the Grecian chiefs.

25. All the victors here are Greeks.

27. Rather bad grammar.

28. The Naiads were fountain nymphs. Cf. Oreads, Dryads, etc.

34. The common custom on the battlefield.

37. The most famous archer in the Greek force,

And till'd the banks where silver Satnio flow'd.  
 Melanthius by Eurypylus was slain ;  
 And Phylacus from Leitus flies in vain.

Unbless'd<sup>a</sup> Adrastus next at mercy lies 45  
 Beneath the Spartan spear,<sup>a</sup> a living prize.  
 Scar'd with the din and tumult of the fight,  
 His headlong steeds, precipitate in flight,  
 Rush'd on a tamarisk's strong trunk, and broke  
 The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke: 50  
 Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,  
 For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind.  
 Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel ;  
 Atrides o'er him shakes his vengeful steel ;  
 The fallen chief in suppliant posture press'd 55  
 The victor's knees, and thus his prayer address'd :

“Oh, spare my youth, and for the life I owe  
 Large gifts of price my father shall bestow :  
 When fame shall tell, that, not in battle slain,  
 Thy hollow ships<sup>a</sup> his captive son detain, 60  
 Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told,  
 And steel well temper'd, and persuasive gold.”

He said: compassion touch'd the hero's heart ;  
 He stood suspended with the lifted dart :  
 As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize, 65  
 Stern Agamemnon swift to vengeance flies,<sup>a</sup>

45. *I. e.*, in his fate.

46. Menelaus' spear.

60. A very common Homeric phrase.

66. Agamemnon running up chides Menelaus for his hesitation to kill. This speech is addressed to Menelaus.

And furious thus: "Oh impotent of mind!<sup>a</sup>  
 Shall these, shall these, Atrides' mercy find?  
 Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,  
 And well her natives merit at thy hand! 70  
 Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,  
 Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage:  
 Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all;  
 Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall,  
 A dreadful lesson of exampled fate, 75  
 To warn the nations, and to curb the great."

The monarch spoke; the words, with warmth address'd,  
 To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.  
 Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust;  
 The monarch's<sup>a</sup> javelin stretch'd him in the dust. 80  
 Then, pressing with his foot his panting heart,  
 Forth from the slain he tugg'd the reeking dart.  
 Old Nestor saw, and rous'd the warriors' rage!<sup>a</sup>  
 "Thus, heroes! thus the vigorous combat wage!  
 No son of Mars descend, for servile gains, 85  
 To touch the booty, while a foe remains.  
 Behold yon glittering host, your future spoil!  
 First gain the conquest, then reward the toil."  
 And now had Greece eternal fame acquir'd,  
 And frighted Troy within her walls retir'd; 90

67. There is considerable bombast in this speech. Note, too, the epigrammatic point at the end of it, the idea of which is not found in Homer, much less the form.

80. Agamemnon's.

83. Taking the cue from Agamemnon's deed.

Had not sage Helenus<sup>a</sup> her state redress'd,  
 Taught by the gods that mov'd his sacred breast:  
 Where Hector stood, with great Æneas<sup>a</sup> join'd,  
 The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind:

“Ye generous chiefs! on whom th' immortals lay      95  
 The cares and glories of this doubtful day,  
 On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend,  
 Wise to consult, and active to defend!  
 Here, at our gates, your brave efforts<sup>a</sup> unite,  
 Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight;      100  
 Ere yet their wives' soft arms the cowards gain,  
 The sport and insult of the hostile train.  
 When your commands have hearten'd every band,  
 Ourselves, here fixed, will make the dang'rous stand;  
 Press'd as we are, and sore of former fight,      105  
 These straits demand our last remains of might.  
 Meanwhile, thou, Hector, to the town retire,  
 And teach our mother what the gods require:  
 Direct the queen to lead th' assembled train  
 Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane;<sup>a</sup>      110  
 Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the power  
 With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmost tower.  
 The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,

91. A son of Priam—“far best of augurs.”

93. A son of Anchises and Venus—the hero of Virgil's *Æneid*.

99. Effórts. Note the wrenched accent—not infrequent in our early poetry with words of French origin, where the accent once stood on the last syllable.

110. Recollect Minerva's enmity to Troy.



Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,  
 Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread ; 115  
 And twelve young heifers to her altars led.  
 If so<sup>a</sup> the pow'r aton'd by fervent pray'r,  
 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,<sup>a</sup>  
 And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,  
 That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire. 120  
 Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread,  
 Sprung though he was from more than mortal bed ;  
 Not thus resistless rul'd the stream of fight,  
 In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might."

Hector obedient heard ; and, with a bound, 125  
 Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground ;  
 Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,  
 And bids the thunder of the battle rise.  
 With rage<sup>a</sup> recruited the bold Trojans glow,  
 And turn the tide of conflict on the foe : 130  
 Fierce in the front he shakes two dazzling spears ;  
 All Greece recedes, and midst her triumph fears :  
 Some god, they thought, who rul'd the fate of wars  
 Shot down avenging, from the vault of stars.

Then thus, aloud : "Ye dauntless Dardans,<sup>a</sup> hear ! 135  
 And you whom distant nations send to war ;  
 Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore ;  
 Be still yourselves, and Hector asks no more.  
 One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,

117, 118. So she may perhaps spare.

129. Cf. Book I, l. 614.

135. DARDANS, another name for Trojans. Dardanus was one of the early kings of Troy.

To bid our altars flame, and victims fall: 140  
 Nor shall, I trust, the matrons' holy train,<sup>a</sup>  
 And reverend elders, seek the gods in vain."

This said, with ample strides the hero pass'd ;  
 The shield's large orb behind his shoulder cast,  
 His neck o'ershading, to his ankle hung ; 145  
 And as he march'd the brazen buckler rung.

Now paus'd the battle (godlike Hector<sup>a</sup> gone),  
 When daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' son  
 Between both armies met ; the chiefs from far  
 Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war. 150  
 Near as they drew, Tydides thus began :

"What art thou, boldest of the race of man?  
 Our eyes, till now, that aspect ne'er beheld,  
 Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattled field ;  
 Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear, 155  
 And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.  
 Unhappy they, and born of luckless sires,  
 Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires !<sup>a</sup>

141, 142. These two lines are an embellishment of Pope's.

143. Compare with the following lines: *Paradise Lost*, Book I, l. 283, *seq.*, on a scale somewhat more sublime, as befits the subject :

" He scarce had ceased when the superior fiend  
 Was moving toward the shore ; his ponderous shield,  
 Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,  
 Behind him cast. The broad circumference  
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
 At evening, from the top of Fesole,"

147. "Hector of the glancing helm."

158. Not in the text, but among the Olympians Minerva

But if from heav'n, celestial, thou descend,<sup>a</sup>  
 Know, with immortals we no more<sup>a</sup> contend.  
 Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,<sup>a</sup> 160  
 That daring man who mix'd with gods in fight;  
 Bacchus,<sup>a</sup> and Bacchus' votaries, he drove  
 With brandish'd steel from Nyssa's sacred grove;  
 Their consecrated spears<sup>a</sup> lay scatter'd round,  
 With curling vines and twisted ivy bound;<sup>a</sup> 165  
 While Bacchus headlong sought the briny flood,  
 And Thetis' arms received the trembling god.  
 Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals' wrath to move,  
 (Th' immortals bless'd with endless ease above);  
 Depriv'd of sight, by their avenging doom, 170  
 Cheerless he breath'd, and wander'd in the gloom:  
 Then sunk unpitied to the dire abodes,  
 A wretch accurs'd, and hated by the gods!

shared with Mars the honors of war. By far the greater power, however, seems to be hers. Mars, indeed, is sometimes a rather despicable figure in Homer. Cf. Book V, and Book XXI.

159. A god having assumed the guise of a Trojan warrior—something not uncommon in Homer.

160. As there is no back reference here in Homer to Diomed's contests with the gods, the passage is held to be an inconsistency. The "no more" is Pope's.

161. The idea of the original is, Not long did even so mighty a man as Lycurgus live when he strove with the gods.

163. The wine god. He does not figure in the *Iliad* at all. Some have supposed the passage to be an interpolation.

165. "Their wands."

166. The line is Pope's, but the vine and ivy were sacred to Bacchus and were used at his festivals.



In ancient time the happy walls possess'd,  
 Then call'd Ephyré: Glaucus was his son;  
 Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,  
 Who o'er the sons of men in beauty shin'd, 195  
 Lov'd for that valour which preserves mankind.  
 Then mighty Prætus Argos' sceptre sway'd,  
 Whose hard commands Bellerophon<sup>a</sup> obey'd.  
 With direful jealousy the monarch raged,  
 And the brave prince in num'rous toils engaged. 200  
 For him, Antea burn'd with lawless flame,<sup>a</sup>  
 And strove to tempt him from the paths of fame:  
 In vain she tempted the relentless youth,  
 Endued with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth.  
 Fir'd at his scorn, the queen to Prætus fled, 205  
 And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed:  
 Incens'd he heard, resolving on his fate;  
 But hospitable laws restrain'd his hate:<sup>a</sup>  
 To Lycia<sup>a</sup> the devoted youth he sent,  
 With tablets seal'd,<sup>a</sup> that told his dire intent. 210  
 Now, bless'd by ev'ry pow'r who guards the good,  
 The chief arriv'd at Xanthus' silver flood:  
 There Lycia's monarch paid him honours due;  
 Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he slew.

198. The tamer of the winged horse, Pegasus.

201. Cf. with this story Joseph and the wife of Potiphar.

208. The laws of hospitality were most rigidly observed by the Greeks; any wrong done a guest was held one of the blackest of crimes.

209. A kingdom of Asia Minor.

210. Showing the knowledge of some sort of written communication in the Homeric age.

But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd, 215  
 The faithful youth his monarch's mandate show'd :  
 The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,  
 The deathful secret to the king reveal'd.  
 First, dire Chimæra's<sup>a</sup> conquest was enjoin'd ;  
 A mingled monster, of no mortal kind ; 220  
 Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was spread ;  
 A goat's rough body bore a lion's head ;  
 Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire ;<sup>a</sup>  
 Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.

"This pest he slaughter'd ; (for he read the skies, 225  
 And trusted heav'n's informing prodigies) ;  
 Then met in arms the Solymæan<sup>a</sup> crew,  
 (Fiercest of men), and those the warrior slew.  
 Next the bold Amazons'<sup>a</sup> whole force defied ;  
 And conquer'd still, for heav'n was on his side. 230

"Nor ended here his toils : his Lycian foes,  
 At his return, a treach'rous ambush rose,<sup>a</sup>

219. One of the monsters of the Greek mythology. See *Chimæra*, Gayley. Bryant translates Book VI, l. 231 :

"Heavenborn Chimæra, the invincible.  
 No human form was hers ; a lion she  
 In front, a dragon in the hinder parts,  
 And in the midst a goat, and terribly  
 Her nostrils breathed a fierce consuming flame."

223. Lat. *ex spiro*, breathe out.

227. Solymæ, a Lycian town.

229. Cf. Gayley, pp. 236, 267, 303.

232. The comma should be placed after "a treacherous ambush," an appositive phrase, instead of at the end of the line. This improves both the sense and, incidentally, the rhythm.





To stand the first in worth as in command,  
 To add new honours to my native land ;  
 Before my eyes my mighty sires to place,  
 And emulate the glories of our race.” 260

He spoke, and transport fill'd Tydides' heart ;  
 In earth the generous warrior fix'd his dart,  
 Then friendly, thus, the Lycian prince address'd :  
 “Welcome, my brave hereditary guest !  
 Thus ever let us meet with kind embrace, 265  
 Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race.

Know, chief, our grandsires have been guests of old,  
 CENEUS the strong, Bellerophon the bold ;  
 Our ancient seat his honour'd presence graced,  
 Where twenty days in genial rites he pass'd. 270

The parting heroes mutual presents left ;  
 A golden goblet was thy grandsire's gift ;  
 CENEUS a belt of matchless work bestow'd,  
 That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd  
 (This from his pledge I learn'd, which, safely stor'd 275  
 Among my treasures, still adorns my board :

For Tydeus left me young when Thebe's<sup>a</sup> wall  
 Beheld the sons of Greece untimely fall).  
 Mindful of this, in friendship let us join ;  
 If heaven our steps to foreign lands incline, 280  
 My guest in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine.<sup>a</sup>  
 Enough of Trojans to this lance shall yield,

277. Thebes in Bœotia. The expedition referred to is known as “the Seven against Thebes,” and is the subject of one of Æschylus' tragedies.

281. An Alexandrine line.

In the full harvest of yon ample field ;  
 Enough of Greeks shall dye thy spear with gore ;  
 But thou and Diomed be foes no more. 285  
 Now change we arms, and prove to either host  
 We guard the friendship of the line we boast."

Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,  
 Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight ;  
 Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resign'd<sup>a</sup> 290  
 (Jove warm'd his bosom and enlarged his mind) ;  
 For Diomed's brass arms, of mean device,  
 For which nine oxen paid (a vulgar price),  
 He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought ;  
 A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought. 295

Meantime the guardian of the Trojan state,  
 Great Hector, enter'd at the Scæan gate.<sup>a</sup>  
 Beneath the beech-trees<sup>a</sup> consecrated shades,

290. This piece of chivalrous generosity on Glaucus' part is narrated by Homer with an exclamation of the greatest surprise: "But now Zeus, son of Kronos, took from Glaukos his wits, in that he made exchange." . . . Pope resented the rather commercial point of view of the transaction, and has given Jupiter credit for a somewhat loftier motive in l. 291.

Although gold and silver were used by the Greeks—not coined, however—the common valuation of goods was in terms of cattle. Thus, the arms of Glaucus were worth a hundred oxen.

297. The principal gate of Troy. Many of the chief events of the war take place before it. *Scæan* literally signifies "left hand."

298. Literally, *oak tree* (singular). Several times referred to in the *Iliad*. It seems to have been a sort of general meeting place.

The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids  
 Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care 300  
 For husbands, brothers, sons, engaged in war.  
 He bids the train in long procession go,  
 And seek the gods, t' avert th' impending woe.  
 And now to Priam's stately courts he came,<sup>a</sup>  
 Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame; 305  
 O'er these a range of marble structure runs;  
 The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,  
 In fifty chambers lodged: and rooms of state  
 Oppos'd to those, where Priam's daughters sate:  
 Twelve domes for them and their lov'd spouses shone, 310  
 Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone.  
 Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen  
 Of royal Hecuba, his mother queen  
 (With her Laodicé, whose beauteous face  
 Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race). 315  
 Long in a strict embrace she held her son,  
 And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun:  
 "O Hector! say, what great occasion calls  
 My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our walls?  
 Com'st thou to supplicate th' almighty power 320  
 With lifted hands from Ilion's lofty tower?  
 Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,<sup>a</sup>  
 In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground,

304. With the following lines cf. Virgil's description at Priam's palace, in Book II of the *Æneid*.

322. Note triple rhyme. *Bacchus*, the god of wine for wine itself. So Virgil uses *Vulcan*, *Venus* and *Mars* to stand for *fire* and *love* and *war*.

And pay due vows to all the gods around.  
 Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul, 325  
 And draw new spirits from the gen'rous bowl;  
 Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,  
 The brave defender of thy country's right."

"Far hence be Bacchus' gifts," the chief rejoin'd;<sup>a</sup>  
 "Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind, 330  
 Unnerves the limbs and dulls the noble mind.  
 Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice  
 To sprinkle to the gods, its better use.  
 By me that holy office were profan'd;  
 Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd, 335  
 To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,  
 Or offer heav'n's great sire polluted praise.  
 You, with your matrons, go, a spotless train!  
 And burn rich odours in Minerva's fane.  
 The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold,<sup>a</sup> 340  
 Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,  
 Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread,  
 And twelve young heifers to her altar led.  
 So may the power, aton'd by fervent pray'r,

"

330. Triple rhymes again, one of which is poor.

It is hard to see why Pope should transform into a total abstinence lecture a few words of Hector meant to be applied only to the present occasion. Hector says, "Bring me no honey-hearted wine, my lady mother, lest thou cripple me of my courage, and I be forgetful of my might." Pope takes this opportunity to vamp up a set of aphoristic expressions, for which his use of the heroic couplet is peculiarly suited.

340. Cf. lines 113-120, and note Homer's literal transcription of the command,



Our wives, our infants, and our city spare, 345  
And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,  
Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.  
Be this, O mother, your religious care ;  
I go to rouse soft Paris to the war ;  
If yet, not lost to all the sense of shame, 350  
The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.  
Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,  
That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race !  
Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,  
Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end." 355

This heard, she gave command; and summon'd  
came

Each noble matron, and illustrious dame.  
The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,  
Where treasur'd odours breath'd a costly scent.  
There lay the vestures of no vulgar art, 360  
Sidonian maids embroider'd every part,  
Whom from soft Sidon<sup>a</sup> youthful Paris bore,  
With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.  
Here as the queen revolv'd with careful eyes,  
The various textures and the various dyes, 365  
She chose a veil that shone superior far,  
And glow'd refulgent as the morning star.  
Herself with this the long procession leads ;  
The train majestically slow proceeds.  
Soon as to Ilion's topmost tower they come, 370  
And awful reach the high Palladian dome,<sup>a</sup>

362. The Phœnician city.

371. Cf. l. 339.



Antenor's consort<sup>a</sup>, fair Theano, waits  
 As Pallas' priestess, and unbars the gates.  
 With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,  
 They fill the dome with supplicating cries. 375  
 The priestess then the shining veil displays,  
 Placed on Minerva's knees and thus she prays:  
 "Oh, awful goddess! ever-dreadful maid,  
 Troy's strong defence,<sup>a</sup> unconquer'd Pallas, aid!  
 Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall 380  
 Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall.  
 So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,  
 Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.  
 But thou, aton'd by penitence and pray'r,  
 Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare!" 385  
 So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane;  
 So vow'd the matrons, but they vowed in vain.  
 While these appear before the pow'r with pray'rs,  
 Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs.  
 Himself the mansion rais'd, from ev'ry part 390  
 Assembling architects of matchless art.  
 Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands  
 The pompous structure, and the town commands.  
 A spear the hero bore of wondrous strength,  
 Of full ten cubits was the lance's length; 395

372. Observe the difference between this and the vestal *virgins* of Rome.

379. As long as a certain statue of Pallas, known as the Palladium, remained within the walls of Troy, the city could not be taken. It was finally stolen by Ulysses and Diomed.

The steely point with golden ringlets join'd,<sup>a</sup>  
 Before him brandish'd at each motion shin'd.  
 Thus ent'ring, in the glitt'ring rooms he found  
 His brother-chief, whose useless<sup>a</sup> arms lay round,  
 His eyes delighting with their splendid show, 400  
 Bright'ning the shield, and polishing the bow.  
 Beside him Helen<sup>a</sup> with her virgins stands,  
 Guides their rich labours, and instructs their hands.

Him thus inactive, with an ardent<sup>a</sup> look  
 The prince beheld, and high-resenting spoke:  
 "Thy hate to Troy is this the time to shew?<sup>a</sup> 405  
 (Oh wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)  
 Paris and Greece against us both conspire,  
 Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire.  
 For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall, 410  
 Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall;  
 For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,  
 And wasteful war in all its fury burns.  
 Ungrateful man! deserves not this thy care,  
 Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share? 415  
 Rise, or behold the conquering flames ascend,  
 And all the Phrygian<sup>a</sup> glories at an end."

396. *I. e.*, the spear head at its base was set in a ring of gold.

399. "Useless" not in the original. A fine picture; note the contrast of its setting.

402. Helen's name is interesting in that it signifies *woe*, *ruin*, *destruction*.

404. ARDENT, burning, but with scorn.

406. This speech is unusually padded by Pope.

417. Synonymous with Trojan.

"Brother, 'tis just," replied the beauteous youth,<sup>a</sup>  
 "Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth:<sup>a</sup>  
 Yet charge my absence less, oh gen'rous chief! 420  
 On hate to Troy, than conscious shame and grief.  
 Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sate,  
 And mourn'd in secret his and Ilion's fate.  
 'Tis now enough: now glory spreads her charms,  
 And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms. 425  
 Conquest to-day my happier sword may bless,  
 'Tis man's to fight, but heav'n's to give success.  
 But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;  
 Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind."  
 He said, nor answer'd Priam's warlike son; 430  
 When Helen thus with lowly grace begun:  
 "Oh gen'rous brother! if the guilty dame<sup>a</sup>  
 That caus'd these woes deserves a sister's name!  
 Would heav'n, ere all these dreadful deeds were done,  
 The day that show'd me to the golden sun 435  
 Had seen my death! Why did not whirlwinds bear  
 The fatal infant to the fowls of air?  
 Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,  
 And midst the roaring of the waters died?  
 Heav'n fill'd up all my ills, and I accurs'd 440  
 Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst.  
 Helen at least a braver spouse might claim,  
 Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame!  
 Now, tired with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,

418, 419. About as un-Homeric a line as any in Pope's entire *Iliad*.

432. Cf. Book I, l. 298.

With toils sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine : 445  
 The gods have link'd our miserable doom,  
 Our present woe and infamy to come :  
 Wide shall it spread, and last through ages long,  
 Example sad ! and theme of future song."

The chief replied : "This time forbids to rest : 450  
 The Trojan bands, by hostile fury press'd,  
 Demand their Hector, and his arm require ;  
 The combat urges, and my soul's on fire.  
 Urge thou thy knight<sup>a</sup> to march where glory calls,  
 And timely join me, ere I leave the walls. 455  
 Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,  
 My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay :  
 This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)  
 Demands a parting word, a tender tear :  
 This day some god, who hates our Trojan land, 460  
 May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand."

Hè said, and pass'd with sad presaging heart  
 To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part ;  
 At home he sought her, but he sought in vain :  
 She, with one maid of all her menial train, 465  
 Had thence retir'd ; and, with her second joy,<sup>a</sup>  
 The young Astyanax,<sup>a</sup> the hope of Troy,  
 Pensive she stood on Ilion's tow'ry height,  
 Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight ;  
 There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore, 470  
 Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.

454. Somewhat mediæval in tone.

466. *I. e.*, son. She had but one child.

467. Literally, "city-king."

But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,<sup>a</sup>  
 Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,<sup>a</sup>  
 Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent  
 Her parting steps? If to the fane she went, 475  
 Where late the mourning matrons made resort;  
 Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court?  
 "Not to the court," replied th' attendant train,  
 "Nor, mix'd with matrons, to Minerva's fane:  
 To Ilion's steepy tow'r she bent her way, 480  
 To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.  
 Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword:  
 She heard, and trembled for her distant lord;  
 Distracted with surprise, she seem'd to fly,  
 Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye. 485  
 The nurse attended, with her infant boy,  
 The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy."

Hector, this heard,<sup>a</sup> return'd without delay;  
 Swift through the town he trod his former way,  
 Through streets of palaces and walks of state; 490  
 And met the mourner at the Scaen gate.  
 With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,  
 His blameless wife, Eëtion's wealthy heir  
 (Cilician Thebé great Eëtion sway'd,  
 And Hippoplacus'<sup>a</sup> wide-extended shade): 495

472, 473. All this is Pope's. Homer says, "His noble wife."

488. Absolute construction.

495. "In Thebe under Plakos." Evidently the text that Pope used compounded *ὀπó* with the noun.

CILICIAN THEBE, to be distinguished from the Bœotian capital.

The nurse stood near, in whose embraces press'd,  
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,  
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,  
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.  
To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name 500  
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd stream :  
Aſtyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,  
From his great father, the defence of Troy.<sup>a</sup>  
Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd, resign'd  
To tender passions all his mighty mind : 505  
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,  
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke ;  
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,  
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.  
"Too daring prince ! ah whither dost thou run ? 510  
Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son !  
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,  
A widow I, a helpless orphan he !  
For sure such courage, length of life denies,  
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice. 515  
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain ;  
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain !  
Oh grant me, gods ! ere Hector meets his doom,  
All I can ask of heav'n, an early tomb !  
So shall my days in one sad tenor run, 520  
And end with sorrows as they first begun.  
No parent now remains, my griefs to share,  
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.

503. This is the real significance of Hector's name—"protector."



The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,  
 Laid Thebé waste, and slew my warlike sire ! 525  
 His fate compassion in the victor bred ;<sup>a</sup>  
 Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,  
 His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,  
 And laid him decent on the funeral pile ;  
 Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd ; 530  
 The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd ;  
 Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow  
 A barren shade, and in his honour grow.

“By the same arm my sev'n brave brothers fell ;<sup>a</sup>  
 In one sad day beheld the gates of hell ; 535  
 While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,  
 Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled !  
 My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,  
 The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands :  
 Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again 540  
 Her pleasing empire and her native plain,  
 When, ah ! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,  
 She fell a victim to Diana's bow.<sup>a</sup>

“Yet while my Hector still survives, I see  
 My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee. 545  
 Alas ! my parents, brothers, kindred, all<sup>a</sup>

526. Not so did he treat Hector. Hector had slain Patroclus.

534. Achilles seems to be a sort of special Nemesis to all that belongs to Andromache.

543. Cf. Book I, l. 70.

546. “Priam now, and all his race.” The turn given here, “once more will perish,” is Pope's.

Once more will perish if my Hector fall.  
 Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share ;  
 Oh prove a husband's and a father's care !  
 That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy 550  
 Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy :  
 Thou, from this tow'r defend th' important post ;  
 There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,  
 That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,  
 And there the vengeful Spartan fires<sup>a</sup> his train. 555  
 Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,  
 Or led by hopes, or dictated<sup>a</sup> from heav'n.  
 Let others in the field their arms employ,  
 But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."

The chief replied : "That post shall be my care, 560  
 Nor that alone, but all the works of war.  
 How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,  
 And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the  
 ground,  
 Attaint the lustre of my former name,  
 Should Hector basely quit the field of fame? 565  
 My early youth was bred to martial pains,  
 My soul impels me to th' embattled plains :  
 Let me be foremost to defend the throne,  
 And guard my father's glories, and my own.  
 Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates 570  
 (How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!) ;  
 The day when thou, imperial Troy ! must bend,  
 And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.

555. Animates.

557. Wrenched accent.

And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,  
 My mother's death, the ruin of my kind, 575  
 Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,  
 Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;  
 As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;  
 I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!  
 In Argive looms our battles to design,<sup>a</sup> 580  
 And woes of which so large a part was thine!  
 To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring  
 The weight of waters from Hyperia's<sup>a</sup> spring.  
 There, while you groan beneath the load of life,  
 They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife! 585  
 Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,  
 Embitters all thy woes by naming me.  
 The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,  
 A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name!  
 May I lie cold before that dreadful day,<sup>a</sup> 590  
 Press'd with a load of monumental clay!  
 Thy Hector, wrapp'd in everlasting sleep,  
 Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."

580. A fine touch of Pope's. H. "and ply the loom at another woman's bidding." Probably suggested by Helen's similar work in Book III.

583. "Messeis was a fountain in Laconia, Hypereia in Thessaly. The mention of these with Argos may perhaps indicate Menelaos of Sparta, Achilles of Thessaly, and Agamemnon of Argos, as the three probable masters of Andromache."—*Leaf*. A later legend has it that Neoptolemus or Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, became her master.

590. "But me in death may the heaped up earth be covering, ere I hear thy crying and thy carrying into captivity."

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy  
 Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy. 595  
 The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,  
 Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.<sup>a</sup>  
 With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,  
 And Hector hasted to relieve his child ;  
 The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound, 600  
 And placed the beaming helmet on the ground.  
 Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,  
 Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's prayer :

"O thou! whose glory fills th' ethereal throne,  
 And all ye deathless powers! protect my son! 605  
 Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,  
 To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,  
 Against his country's foes the war to wage,  
 And rise the Hector of the future age!  
 So when, triumphant from successful toils, 610  
 Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,  
 Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,  
 And say, This chief transcends his father's fame:  
 While pleas'd, amidst the general shouts of Troy,  
 His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy." 615

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,  
 Restor'd the pleasing burden<sup>a</sup> to her arms ;  
 Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,  
 Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.  
 The troubled pleasure soon chastis'd by fear, 620

597. A finely natural touch. Homer is as familiar with the gentle side of human life as he is with the rush of battle.

617. A characteristic phrase, "his son."

She mingled with the smile a tender tear.  
 The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,  
 And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued:

“Andromache! my soul's far better part,<sup>a</sup>  
 Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart? 625  
 No hostile hand can antedate my doom,  
 Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.  
 Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,  
 And such the hard condition of our birth.  
 No force can then resist, no flight can save; 630  
 All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.  
 No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,  
 There guide the spindle, and direct the loom:  
 Me glory summons to the martial scene,<sup>a</sup>  
 The field of combat is the sphere for men. 635  
 Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,  
 The first in danger as the first in fame.”

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes  
 His tow'ring helmet, black with shading plumes.  
 His princess parts with a prophetic sigh, 640  
 Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,

624. Cf. the prose translation, “Dear one, I pray thee be not of over sorrowful heart; no man against my fate shall hurl me to Hades; only destiny I ween, no man hath escaped, be he coward or valiant, when once he hath been born. But go thou to thine house, and see to thine own tasks, the loom and the distaff, and bid thy handmaidens ply their work; but for war shall men provide, and I in chief of all men that dwell in Ilios.”

634. Pope does both Homer and Hector a wrong here; it is not glory at all, but the dire need of Troy.

That stream'd at every look : then, moving slow  
 Sought her own palace, and indulged her woe.  
 There, while her tears deplored the godlike man,<sup>a</sup>  
 Through all her train the soft infection ran ; 645  
 The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,  
 And mourn the living Hector as the dead.

But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,  
 Forth issues Paris from the palace wall.  
 In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray, 650  
 Swift through the town the warrior bends his way.  
 The wanton<sup>a</sup> courser thus, with reins unbound,  
 Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground ;  
 Pamper'd and proud he seeks the wonted tides,  
 And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides : 655  
 His head now freed he tosses to the skies ;  
 His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders flies ;  
 He snuffs the females in the distant plain,  
 And springs, exulting, to his fields again.  
 With equal triumph, sprightly, bold and gay, 660  
 In arms refulgent as the god of day,  
 The son of Priam, glorying in his might,  
 Rush'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.

And now the warriors passing on the way,  
 The graceful Paris first excused his stay. 665

644. About as nerveless and ineffective a passage as Pope has describing sorrow. The "soft infection" is especially offensive.

652. WANTON, full of glad life. This simile has been pretty closely imitated by Virgil in Book II, l. 492 *seq.* of the *Æneid*.



To whom the noble Hector thus replied :

“O chief ! in blood, and now in arms, allied !

Thy power in war with justice none contest ;

Known is thy courage, and thy strength confess'd.

What pity, sloth should seize a soul so brave,

670

Or godlike Paris live a woman's slave !

My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans say,

And hopes thy deeds shall wipe the stain away.

Haste then, in all their glorious labours share ;

For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war.

675

These ills shall cease, whene'er by Jove's decree

We crown the bowl to Heav'n and Liberty :

While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs mourns,

And Greece indignant through her seas returns.”

## SUMMARY OF THE INTERMEDIATE BOOKS

VII. Single combat of Hector and Ajax. Burying of the dead. The Greeks build a wall to protect their camp by the Hellespont.

VIII. Zeus on Olympus commands the gods to help neither side; and then, going down to Ida, gives the Trojans the advantage over the Greeks. At Hector's instance the Trojans bivouac on the battlefield.

IX. Agamemnon sends envoys by night to Achilles, offering to restore Briseïs and make amends; but Achilles rejects the offer.

X. Odysseus and Diomedes, going by night towards the Trojan camp, slay Dolon, a Trojan spy; then they slay the sleeping Rhesus, chief of the Thracians, and take his horses.

XI. Agamemnon does great deeds, but in vain; many of the leading Greek chiefs are disabled; and Patroclus, sent by Achilles to ask about the wounded physician Machaon, learns that the plight of the Greeks is desperate.

XII. The Trojans, led by Hector, break through the wall of the Greek camp.

XIII. Zeus having turned his eyes for a while away from the Trojan plain, the sea-god Poseidon, watching from the peak of Samothrace, seizes the moment to encourage the Greeks. The Cretan Idomeneus does great deeds.

XIV. The sleep-god, and Hera, lull Zeus to slumber on Ida. Poseidon urges on the Greeks, and the Trojan Hector is wounded.

XV. Zeus awakens on Mt. Ida. At his bidding, Apollo puts new strength into Hector. The Trojan host presses again on the Greek ships: Ajax valorously defends them.

XVI. Patroclus intercedes for the Greeks with Achilles, who lends him his armor. In the guise of his friend, Patroclus takes the field, and drives the Trojans from the ships, and at last is slain by Hector.

XVII. The Greeks and Trojans contend for the corpse of Patroclus. Menelaus does great deeds.

XVIII. Achilles learns the death of Patroclus, and makes moan for him; at the sound whereof, Thetis rises from the sea, and comes to her son. She persuades the god of fire, Hephæstus, to make new armor for Achilles. The shield wrought by Hephæstus is described.

XIX. Achilles renounces his wrath. He is reconciled to Agamemnon before the assembly of the Greek host. He makes ready to go forth to war with them; the horses are yoked to his chariot; when the horse Xanthus speaks with human voice, and foretells the doom of Achilles.

XX. The gods come down from Olympus to join in the fight on the Trojan plain—some with the Greeks, some with the Trojans. Achilles fights with Æneas, who is saved by Poseidon; and with Hector, who is saved by Apollo.

XXI. The river-god Scamander fights with Achilles, who is saved by Hephæstus.

## BOOK XXII

### THE DEATH OF HECTOR

**T**HUS to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,  
The herded Ilians rush like driven deer ;  
There safe, they wipe the briny drops away,  
And drown in 'bowls the labours of the day.  
Close to the walls, advancing o'er the fields, 5  
Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,  
March, bending on, the Greeks' embodied powers,  
Far-stretching in the shade of Trojan towers.  
Great Hector singly stay'd ; chain'd down by fate,  
There fix'd he stood before the Scæan gate ; 10  
Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,  
The guardian still of long-defended Troy.

Leaf points out that the effect of this book on a modern reader is probably very different from that produced on a Greek. Our sympathies are all with Hector, fighting for his country against gods and men, and not with Achilles, who, continually aided by the gods, is gratifying a private revenge. But a Greek would see in Achilles a reflection of the will of heaven by this gaining in exaltation and dignity ; and, moreover, Achilles is "fighting the great fight of Hellenism against barbarism"—though, indeed, this latter is not easily associated with Troy and the Trojan chieftains that appear in the *Iliad*.

It must be borne in mind, too, that the legend which makes Achilles invulnerable is not Homeric, but of a much later date.

Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns,  
 (The pow'r confess'd in all his glory burns),  
 "And what" (he cries) "has Peleus' son in view, 15  
 With mortal speed a godhead to pursue?  
 For not to thee to know the gods is giv'n,  
 Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of heav'n.  
 What boots thee now, that Troy forsook the plain?  
 Vain thy past labour, and thy present vain:<sup>a</sup> 20  
 Safe in their walls are now her troops bestow'd,  
 While here thy frantic rage attacks a god."

The chief incens'd: "Too partial god of day!  
 To check my conquests in the middle way:  
 How few in Ilion else had refuge found! 25  
 What gasping numbers now had bit the ground!  
 Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,  
 Powerful of godhead, and of fraud divine:<sup>a</sup>  
 Mean fame, alas! for one of heav'nly strain,  
 To cheat a mortal who repines in vain." 30

Then to the city, terrible and strong,  
 With high and haughty steps he tower'd along:  
 So the proud courser, victor of the prize,  
 To the near goal with double ardour flies.  
 Him, as he blazing shot across the field, 35  
 The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.

20. *I. e.*, to slay Apollo.

28. "DIVINE FRAUD" is a term strange to modern ears, but it is in keeping with the Greeks' conception of their divinities. Pope is not justified in using this term, however, from anything said by Homer in this place. In the original no such terms as "fraud" and "cheat" are used; on the contrary, this speech of Achilles is highly dignified.

Not half so dreadful rises to the sight,  
 Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,  
 Orion's dog<sup>a</sup> (the year when autumn weighs),  
 And o'er the feeble stars exerts his rays; 40  
 Terrific glory! for his burning breath  
 Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.  
 So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the sage:  
 He strikes his rev'rend head, now white with age;  
 He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests<sup>a</sup> the skies; 45

39. Sirius. The brightest star in the heavens, appearing in the autumn skies, and rising with the sun in summer. Its rays, added to those of the sun, were supposed to produce the great heat of the "dog days," a season when plagues and fevers are rife. Homer makes use of much the same simile in Book V, where it is applied to Diomed. ORION, the great hunter, whose constellation immediately precedes Sirius.

"The year when autumn weighs" is Pope's. What is meant by it is doubtful. Perhaps the reference is to the heavy weather of autumn, which may be said to burden or weigh down the skies, or it may refer in some way to the constellation Libra.

Coleridge translates this passage, "For this indeed is most splendid, but it was made an evil sign, and brings many a consuming disease to wretched mortals," and adds the remark, "Nothing can be more simple as a description, or more accurate as a simile;" and then he comments on these two lines by Pope: "Now here (not to mention the tremendous bombast) the *Dog Star*, so-called, is turned into a *real* dog, a very odd dog, a fire, fever, plague, and death-breathing, red-air-tainting dog; and the whole visual likeness is lost, while the likeness in the effects is rendered absurd by the exaggeration." *Biogr. Lit.*, Ch. II, Note.

45. Calls upon. Cf. etymology.



He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries :  
 The son, resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,  
 Full at the Scæan gate expects the war :  
 While the sad father on the rampart stands,  
 And thus adjures him with extended hands : 50  
     "Ah stay not, stay not ! guardless and alone ;  
 Hector, my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son !  
 Methinks already I behold thee slain,  
 And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.  
 Implacable Achilles ! might'st thou be 55  
 To all the gods no dearer than to me !  
 The vultures wild should scatter round the shore,  
 And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore !  
 How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,  
 Valiant in vain ! by thy curs'd arm destroy'd : 60  
 Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles  
 To shameful bondage and unworthy toils.  
 Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,  
 Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore<sup>a</sup>  
 And loved Lycaon ; now perhaps no more ! 65  
 Oh ! if in yonder hostile camp they live,  
 What heaps of gold, what treasures would I give !  
 (Their grandsire's wealth, by right of birth their own,  
 Consign'd his daughter with Lelegia's<sup>a</sup> throne) :  
 But if (which heaven forbid) already lost, 70  
 All pale they wander on the Stygian coast,

64. Polydore and Lycaon had just been slain by Achilles : the former, Priam's youngest son, in the midst of the rout on the plain, the latter at the ford of the Scamander,

69. Lathoe, not Lelegia,

What sorrows then must their sad mother know,  
What anguish I! unutterable woe!  
Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,  
Less to all Troy, if not deprived of thee. 75  
Yet shun Achilles! enter yet the wall;  
And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all!  
Save thy dear life: or if a soul so brave  
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.  
Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs; 80  
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,  
Yet curs'd with sense! a wretch, whom in his rage  
(All trembling on the verge of helpless age)  
Great Jove has placed, sad spectacle of pain!  
The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain: 85  
To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,  
And number all his days by miseries!  
My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturned,  
My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd,  
My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor; 90  
These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more!  
Perhaps ev'n I, reserv'd by angry fate  
The last sad relic of my ruin'd state,  
(Dire pomp of sovereign wretchedness!) must fall  
And stain the pavement of my regal hall; 95  
Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,  
Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.  
Yet for my sons I thank ye, gods! 'twas well:  
Well that they perish'd, for in fight they fell.  
Who dies in youth and vigour, dies the best, 100  
Struck through with wounds, all honest on the breast.

But when the fates, in fulness of their rage,  
 Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,  
 In dust the rev'rend lineaments deform,  
 And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm ; 105  
 This, this is misery ! the last, the worst,  
 That man can feel. man, fated to be curs'd !"

He said, and acting what no words could say,  
 Rent from his head the silver locks away.  
 With him the mournful mother bears a part : 110  
 Yet all their sorrows turn not Hector's heart :  
 The zone unbraced, her bosom she display'd ;  
 And thus, fast-falling the salt tears, she said :<sup>a</sup>

"Have mercy on me, O my son ! revere  
 The words of age ; attend a parent's prayer ! 115  
 If ever thee in these fond arms I press'd,  
 Or still'd thy infant clamours at this breast ;  
 Ah ! do not thus our helpless years forego,  
 But, by our walls secured, repel the foe.  
 Against his rage if singly thou proceed, 120  
 Should'st thou (but heav'n avert it !), should'st thou  
 bleed,

Nor must<sup>a</sup> thy corse lie honour'd on the bier,  
 Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear ;  
 Far from our pious rites, those dear remains  
 Must feast the vultures on the naked plains." 125

So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll :  
 But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul ;

113. Wrenched accent.

122. "Nor must," then will not.

Resolv'd he stands, and with a fiery glance  
 Expects the hero's terrible advance.  
 So, roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake<sup>a</sup> 130  
 Beholds the traveller approach the brake ;  
 When, fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins  
 Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains ;  
 He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,  
 And his red eyeballs glare with living fire. 135  
 Beneath a turret, on his shield reclin'd,  
 He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind :<sup>a</sup>  
 "Where lies my way? To enter in the wall  
 Honour and shame th' ungenerous thought recall :  
 Shall proud Polydamas<sup>a</sup> before the gate 140  
 Proclaim, his counsels are obey'd too late,  
 Which timely follow'd but the former night,  
 What numbers had been sav'd by Hector's flight?  
 That wise advice rejected with disdain,  
 I feel my folly in my people slain. 145  
 Methinks my suff'ring country's voice I hear,  
 But most, her worthless sons insult my ear,  
 On my rash courage charge the chance of war,  
 And blame those virtues which they cannot share.

130. With this passage cf. Virgil's description of Pyrrhus, Book II, l. 471 *seq.*

137. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, VI, 13.

"And thus his own undaunted mind explores."

140. Polydamas, son of Antenor. He had urged, Book XVIII, to retire within the walls of the city; but Hector rebuked him, and took upon himself the sole responsibility of remaining on the plain.

No—If I e'er return, return I must 150  
Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust :  
Or if I perish, let her see me fall  
In field at least, and fighting for her wall.  
And yet suppose these measures I forego,  
Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe, 155  
The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance lay down,  
And treat on terms of peace to save the town :  
The wife withheld, the treasure ill-detai'n'd  
(Cause of the war, and grievance of the land),  
With honourable justice to restore ; 160  
And add half Ilion's yet remaining store,  
Which Troy shall, sworn, produce ; that injur'd Greece  
May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.  
But why this thought ? unarm'd if I should go,  
What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe, 165  
But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow ?  
We greet not here, as man conversing man,  
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain ;  
No season now for calm, familiar talk,  
Like youths and maidens in an ev'ning walk : 170  
War is our business, but to whom is giv'n  
To die or triumph, that determine heav'n !"

Thus pondering, like a god the Greek drew nigh :  
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high ;  
The Pelian jav'lin, in his better hand, 175  
Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land ;  
And on his breast the beamy splendours shone  
Like Jove's own lightning, or the rising sun.  
As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise,

Struck by some god, he fears, recedes, and flies:<sup>a</sup> 180  
 He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind;  
 Achilles follows like the wingèd wind.  
 Thus at the panting dove the falcon flies  
 (The swiftest racer of the liquid skies);  
 Just when he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey, 185  
 Obliquely wheeling through th' aërial way,  
 With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,  
 And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings:  
 No less fore-right<sup>a</sup> the rapid chase they held,  
 One urged by fury, one by fear impell'd; 190  
 Now circling round the walls their course maintain,  
 Where the high watch-tow'r overlooks the plain;  
 Now where the fig-trees<sup>a</sup> spread their umbrage broad  
 (A wider compass), smoke along the road.<sup>a</sup>  
 Next by Scamander's double source they bound, 195  
 Where two fam'd fountains burst the parted ground:  
 This hot through scorching clefts is seen to rise,  
 With exhalations steaming to the skies;

180. Whatever may be the impression left by this flight of Hector, we must remember, as Mr. Lang says, that "Homer's world, Homer's chivalry, Homer's ideas of knightly honor, were all unlike those of the Christian and the Northern world."

189. Straight forward—note the abundance of similes in this book.

193. The "fig tree" is several times mentioned. Cf. Andromache's speech to Hector in Book VI, "The fig tree, where best the city may be scaled and the wall is assailable."

194. The dust rising from their course as they ran. The road encircled the city at no great distance from the walls.



That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,  
 Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows. 200  
 Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,  
 Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills;  
 Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)  
 Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.  
 By these they pass'd, one chasing, one in flight 205  
 (The mighty fled, pursued by stronger might);  
 Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,  
 No vulgar victim must reward the day  
 (Such as in races crown the speedy strife);  
 The prize contended was great Hector's life. 210  
 As when some hero's fun'rals are decreed,<sup>a</sup>  
 In grateful honour of the mighty dead;  
 Where high rewards the vig'rous youth inflame  
 (Some golden tripod, or some lovely dame),  
 The panting coursers swiftly turn the goal, 215  
 And with them turns the rais'd spectator's soul:  
 Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly;  
 The gazing gods lean forward from the sky:  
 To whom, while eager on the chase they look,  
 The sire of mortals and immortals spoke: 220  
 "Unworthy sight! the man, belov'd of heav'n.

211. The funeral obsequies of a dead chief were celebrated with various athletic contests, such as running, boxing, chariot-racing, etc. These were followed by a banquet in honor of the dead. The entire twenty-third book of the *Iliad* is an account of the funeral games over the body of Patroclus. So also in the *Æneid*, the greater part of Book V is taken up with the funeral games in honor of Anchises.

Behold, inglorious round yon city driv'n!<sup>a</sup>  
 My heart partakes the gen'rous Hector's pain;  
 Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain,  
 Whose grateful fumes the gods receiv'd with joy, 225  
 From Ida's<sup>a</sup> summits, and the tow'rs of Troy:  
 Now see him flying! to his fears resign'd,  
 And Fate, and fierce Achilles, close behind.  
 Consult, ye powers ('tis worthy your debate),  
 Whether to snatch him from impending fate, 230  
 Or let him bear, by stern Pelides slain  
 (Good as he is), the lot impos'd on man?"

Then Pallas thus: "Shall he whose vengeance  
 forms

The forky bolt, and blackens heav'n with storms,  
 Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath, 235  
 A man, a mortal, pre-ordained to death?  
 And will no murmurs fill the courts above?  
 No gods indignant blame their partial Jove?"  
 "Go then," return'd the sire, "without delay;  
 Exert thy will: I give the fates their way." 240  
 Swift at the mandate pleas'd Tritonia<sup>a</sup> flies,  
 And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.

222. Pope's comments on the flight of Hector are foreign to the spirit of the original.

226. A mountain near the city. Next to Olympus, possibly the most famous mountain in Grecian legend.

241. Minerva. "Triton, a river and lake in Africa near the Lesser Syrtis, where, according to Egypto-Grecian fables, Minerva was born." Leaf points out that there is no trace in Homer of the legend that Pallas sprang from the head of Jove.

As through the forest, o'er the vale and lawn,  
 The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;  
 In vain he tries the covert of the brakes, 245  
 Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes:  
 Sure of the vapour<sup>a</sup> in the tainted dews,  
 The certain hound his various maze pursues:  
 Thus step by step, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,  
 There swift Achilles compass'd round the field. 250  
 Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,  
 And hopes th' assistance of his pitying friends  
 (Whose showering arrows, as he cours'd below,  
 From the high turrets might oppress the foe),  
 So oft Achilles turns him to the plain: 255  
 He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.  
 As men in slumber seem with speedy pace,  
 One to pursue, and one to lead the chase,  
 Their sinking limbs the fancied course forsake,  
 Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake: 260  
 No less the lab'ring heroes pant and strain;  
 While that but flies, and this pursues, in vain.

What god, O Muse! assisted Hector's force,  
 With fate itself so long to hold the course?  
 Phœbus it was: who, in his latest hour, 265  
 Endued his knees with strength, his nerves with  
 power.

And great Achilles, lest some Greek's advance  
 Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,  
 Sign'd to the troops, to yield his foe the way,  
 And leave untouch'd the honours of the day. 270

247. Scent.

Jove lifts the golden balances, that show<sup>a</sup>  
 The fates of mortal men, and things below :  
 Here each contending hero's lot he tries,  
 And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.  
 Low sinks the scale surcharged with Hector's fate ; 275  
 Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the  
 weight.

Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies  
 To stern Pelides, and, triumphing,<sup>a</sup> cries :  
 "Oh lov'd of Jove ! this day our labours cease,  
 And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece. 280  
 Great Hector falls ; that Hector fam'd so far,  
 Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,  
 Falls by thy hand, and mine ! nor force nor flight  
 Shall more avail him, nor his god of light.  
 See, where in vain he supplicates above, 285  
 Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove !  
 Rest here : myself will lead the Trojan on,  
 And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun."

Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind  
 Obey'd, and rested, on his lance reclined ; 290  
 While like Deïphobus<sup>a</sup> the martial dame  
 (Her face, her gesture, and her arms, the same),  
 In show an aid, by hapless Hector's side  
 Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice belied :

271. In Book VIII, 69-72, Jupiter "weighs in his golden scales" the lots of Trojans and Greeks.

278. Triumphing—note accent ; frequent 'in poetry.

291. A brother of Hector's, noted for his feats of arms. After Paris' death, he married Helen, who eventually betrayed him to Menelaus.

"Too long, O Hector! have I borne the sight  
Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight:  
It fits us now a noble stand to make,  
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake." 295

Then he: "O prince! allied in blood and fame,  
Dearer than all that own a brother's name; 300  
Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,  
Long tried, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd  
more!<sup>a</sup>

Since you of all our num'rous race alone  
Defend my life, regardless of your own."

Again the goddess: "Much my father's pray'r, 305  
And much my mother's, press'd me to forbear:  
My friends embraced my knees, adjur'd my stay,  
But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.  
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,  
Let the steel sparkle and the jav'lin fly; 310  
Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,  
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield."

Fraudful she said; then swiftly march'd before;  
The Dardan hero shuns his foe no more.  
Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke; 315  
His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke:

"Enough, O son of Peleus! Troy has view'd  
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursu'd.  
But now some god within me bids me try  
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die. 320  
Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,

302. Unusual spondees.



And for a moment's space suspend the day :  
Let heaven's high powers be call'd to arbitrate  
The just conditions of this stern debate  
(Eternal witnesses of all below, 325  
And faithful guardians of the treasur'd vow ! ) :  
To them I swear : if, victor in the strife,  
Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,  
No vile dishonour shall thy corse pursue ;  
Stripp'd of its arms alone (the conqu'ror's due), 330  
The rest to Greece uninjur'd I'll restore :  
Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more."

"Talk not of oaths," the dreadful chief replies,  
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes,  
"Detested as thou art, and ought to be, 335  
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee ;  
Such pacts, as lambs and rabid wolves combine,  
Such leagues, as men and furious lions join,  
To such I call the gods ! one constant state  
Of lasting rancour and eternal hate : 340  
No thought but rage, and never-ceasing strife,  
Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.  
Rouse then thy forces this important hour,  
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy power.  
No farther subterfuge, no farther chance ; 345  
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.  
Each Grecian ghost by thee deprived of breath,  
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death."

He spoke, and launch'd his jav'lin at the foe ;  
But Hector shunn'd the meditated blow : 350  
He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear



Sung innocent, and spent its force in air.  
 Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,  
 Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,<sup>a</sup>  
 Unseen of Hector, who elate with joy,  
 Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy :  
 "The life you boasted to that jav'lin giv'n,  
 Prince! you have miss'd. My fate depends on heav'n.

355

354. An act like this seems to our modern notions of fairness and justice, to be a foul wrong to Hector. For something of the point of view of the Greeks, however, see the note at the beginning of this book. Leaf puts the case fairly well for Minerva and Achilles; but while his arguments in great part cover that case, they will not explain the still greater advantage that is given Hector in Book XVI, where the latter slays Patroclus. Apollo not only strikes from Patroclus his weapons and all his armor, but renders him unable to flee. He is, moreover, wounded before Hector advances with his spear.

A note by John Addington Symonds on this apparent brutality of Achilles very materially helps to relieve his conduct. Achilles knows that his own death is near at hand. This has been foretold him by his mother and by his horse Xanthus; cf. Book XIX. "Stung as he is by remorse and by the sorrow for Patroclus, which does not unnerve him, but rather kindles his whole spirit to a flame, we are prepared to see him fierce even to cruelty. But when we know that in the midst of the carnage he is himself moving a dying man, when we remember that he is sending his slain foes like messengers before his face to Hades, when we keep the warning words of Thetis and Xanthus in our minds, then the grim frenzy of Achilles becomes dignified. The world is, in a manner, over for him, and he appears the incarnation of disdainful anger and revengeful love, the conscious scourge of God and instrument of destiny."

To thee (presumptuous as thou art) unknown  
 Or what must prove my fortune, or thy own. 360  
 Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,  
 And with false terrors sink another's mind.  
 But know, whatever fate I am to try,  
 By no dishonest wound shall Hector die;  
 I shall not fall a fugitive at least, 365  
 My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.  
 But first, try thou my arm; and may this dart  
 End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!"

The weapon flew, its course unerring held;  
 Unerring, but the heav'nly shield repell'd 370  
 The mortal dart; resulting<sup>a</sup> with a bound  
 From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.  
 Hector beheld his jav'lin fall in vain,  
 Nor other lance nor other hope remain;  
 He calls Deïphobus, demands a spear, 375  
 In vain, for no Deïphobus was there.  
 All comfortless he stands: then, with a sigh,  
 "'Tis so—heav'n wills it, and my hour is nigh!  
 I deem'd Deïphobus had heard my call,  
 But he secure lies guarded in the wall. 380  
 A god deceiv'd me; Pallas, 'twas thy deed:  
 Death and black fate approach! 'tis I must bleed:  
 No refuge now, no succor from above,  
 Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,  
 Propitious once, and kind! Then welcome fate!<sup>a</sup> 385

371. Leaping back. Lat. *re-silere*.

385. This and the three following lines are poor rhetoric.

'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great:  
 Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,  
 Let future ages hear it, and admire!

Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,  
 And, all collected, on Achilles flew. 390  
 So Jove's bold bird,<sup>a</sup> high balanced in the air,  
 Stoops from the clouds to truss the quivering hare.  
 Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares;  
 Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,  
 Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone<sup>a</sup> 395  
 The gilded horse-hair sparkled in the sun,  
 Nodding at every step (Vulcanian frame!),<sup>a</sup>  
 And as he mov'd, his figure seem'd on flame.  
 As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,<sup>a</sup>  
 Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night, 400  
 When all the starry train emblaze the sphere:  
 So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.  
 In his right hand he waves the weapon round,  
 Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound:  
 But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore, 405  
 Securely cased the warrior's body o'er.  
 One place at length he spies, to let in fate,  
 Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate  
 Gave entrance: through that penetrable part  
 Furious he drove the well-directed dart: 410  
 Nor pierced the windpipe yet, nor took the power

391. The eagle.

395. "Four-plated helm."

397. Made by Vulcan.

399. Cf. lines 37-43. Hesper, the evening star.

Of speech, unhappy!<sup>a</sup> from thy dying hour.  
 Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,  
 While thus, triumphing, stern Achilles cries:<sup>a</sup>

“At last is Hector stretch’d upon the plain, 415  
 Who fear’d no vengeance for Patroclus slain:  
 Then prince! you should have fear’d what now you  
 feel;

Achilles absent was Achilles still.

Yet a short space the great avenger stay’d,  
 Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid. 420  
 Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn’d,  
 For ever honour’d, and for ever mourn’d:  
 While, cast to all the rage of hostile power,  
 Thee birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.”

Then Hector, fainting at th’ approach of death: 425  
 “By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!  
 By all the sacred prevalence of pray’r;  
 Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!  
 The common rites of sepulture bestow,<sup>a</sup>  
 To soothe a father’s and a mother’s woe; 430  
 Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,  
 And Hector’s ashes in his country rest.”

“No, wretch accurs’d!” relentless he replies  
 (Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes),  
 “Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare, 435  
 Nor all the sacred prevalence of pray’r.

412. Unhappy one.

414. TRIUMPHING.—Note accent.

429. Notice Hector’s anxiety to secure the rites of burial.

Could I myself the bloody banquet join!<sup>a</sup>  
 No—to the dogs that carcase I resign.  
 Should Troy to bribe me bring forth all her store,  
 And, giving thousands, offer thousands more; 440  
 Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,  
 Drain their whole realm to buy one fun'ral flame;  
 Their Hector on the pile they should not see,  
 Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee."

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew: 445  
 "Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:  
 The Furies that relentless breast have steel'd  
 And curs'd thee with a heart that cannot yield.  
 Yet think, a day will come, when Fate's decree<sup>a</sup>  
 And angry gods shall wreak this wrong on thee; 450  
 Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,  
 And stretch thee here, before this Scæan gate."

He ceas'd: the fates suppress'd his labouring  
 breath,

437. Strangely enough this passage is translated by Pope, contrary to his habit, in very plain terms. Cf. Book I, l. 298.

It is somewhat amusing to observe how certain laborious commentators have considered this patent exaggeration an evidence of cannibalism in Greece.

449. The last words of a dying man were frequently held as prophetic. Hector's words were indeed fulfilled. Shakspeare has used similar prophecies with great effect, in his historical plays particularly. A number of other instances might readily be cited.

The student is urgently requested to read, in comparison with this scene between Hector and Achilles, that between Hotspur and Prince Hal, in Shakspeare's *I Henry IV*, Act v, Scene iv. The passage is too long for quotation here.



And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death ;  
 To the dark realm the spirit wings its way, 455  
 (The manly body left a load of clay),  
 And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,  
 A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghost !

Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes  
 O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard)<sup>a</sup> replies : 460  
 "Die thou the first ! when Jove and heav'n ordain,  
 I follow thee." He said, and stripp'd the slain.  
 Then, forcing backward from the gaping wound  
 The reeking jav'lin, cast it on the ground.  
 The thronging Greeks behold with wond'ring eyes 465  
 His manly beauty, and superior size :  
 While some, ignobler, the great dead deface  
 With wounds ungen'rous,<sup>a</sup> or with taunts disgrace.  
 "How changed that Hector ! who, like Jove, of late  
 Sent lightning on our fleets and scatter'd fate !" 470

High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands,  
 Begirt with heroes and surrounding bands ;  
 And thus aloud, while all the host attends :  
 "Princes and leaders ! countrymen and friends !  
 Since now at length the pow'rful will of heav'n 475

460. A remarkably unnecessary comment on the part of Pope.

468. The wounding of the dead body of Hector, seemingly so wanton, had some reason in this strange belief of the Greeks. They thought that to maim a body rendered its soul powerless, and so made them safe from any vengeance which it might visit on them from Hades. But even this cannot free our minds of the sense of outrage, which the act must excite.



The dire destroyer to our arm has giv'n,  
 Is not Troy fall'n already? Haste, ye pow'rs!  
 See if already their deserted tow'rs  
 Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain  
 The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain? 430  
 But what is Troy, or glory what to me?  
 Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,  
 Divine Patroclus! Death has seal'd his eyes;  
 Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lies!  
 Can his dear image from my soul depart, 485  
 Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?  
 If, in the melancholy shades below,  
 The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,  
 Yet mine shall sacred last; mine, undecay'd,  
 Burn on through death, and animate my shade. 490  
 Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring  
 The corse of Hector, and your Pæans sing.  
 Be this the song, slow moving tow'rd the shore,  
 'Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more.' "

Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred 495  
 (Unworthy of himself, and of the dead);  
 The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound  
 With thongs inserted through the double wound;  
 These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,<sup>a</sup>  
 His graceful head was traile'd along the plain. 500  
 Proud on his car th' insulting victor stood,  
 And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.  
 He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;

499. WAIN, wagon—poetic and archaic—but here it stands for "chariot."

The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.  
 Now lost is all that formidable air ; 505  
 The face divine, and long-descending hair,  
 Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand ;  
 Deform'd, dishonour'd, in his native land !  
 Giv'n to the rage of an insulting throng !  
 And, in his parents' sight, now dragg'd along. 510  
 The mother first beheld with sad survey ;<sup>a</sup>  
 She rent her tresses, venerably grey,  
 And cast far off the regal veils away.  
 With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,  
 While the sad father answers groans with groans ; 515  
 Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,  
 And the whole city wears one face of woe :  
 No less than if the rage of hostile fires,  
 From her foundations curling to her spires,  
 O'er the proud citadel at length should rise, 520  
 And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.  
 The wretched monarch of the falling state,  
 Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate :  
 Scarce the whole people stop his desp'rate course,  
 While strong affliction gives the feeble force : 525  
 Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,  
 In all the raging impotence of woe.  
 At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun,  
 Imploring all, and naming one by one :  
 "Ah ! let me, let me go where sorrow calls ; 530  
 I, only I, will issue from your walls,  
 (Guide or companion, friends ! I ask ye none),

And bow before the murd'rer of my son.  
 My grief perhaps his pity may engage ;  
 Perhaps at least he may respect my age. 535  
 He has a father, too ; a man like me ;  
 One, not exempt from age and misery  
 (Vig'rous no more, as when his young embrace  
 Begot this pest of me, and all my race).  
 How many valiant sons, in early bloom, 540  
 Has that curs'd hand sent headlong to the tomb !  
 Thee, Hector ! last ; thy loss (divinely brave !)  
 Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.  
 Oh had thy gentle spirit pass'd in peace,  
 The son expiring in the sire's embrace, 545  
 While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,  
 And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender show'r !  
 Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,  
 To melt in full satiety of grief !"

Thus wail'd the father, grov'ling on the ground, 550  
 And all the eyes of Ilion stream'd around.

Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears  
 (A mourning princess, and a train in tears) :  
 "Ah ! why has heav'n prolong'd this hated breath,  
 Patient of horrors,<sup>a</sup> to behold thy death ? 555  
 O Hector ! late thy parents' pride and joy,  
 The boast of nations ! the defence of Troy !  
 To whom her safety and her fame she owed,  
 Her chief, her hero, and almost her god !  
 O fatal change ! become in one sad day 560  
 A senseless corse ! inanimated clay !"

555. *I. e.*, already having borne many horrors. Lat. *Patior*.

But not as yet the fatal news had spread  
 To fair Andromache, of Hector dead ;  
 As yet no messenger had told his fate,  
 Nor e'en his stay without the Scæan gate. 565  
 Far in the close recesses of the dome  
 Pensive she plied the melancholy loom ;  
 A growing work employ'd her secret hours,  
 Confus'dly gay with intermingled flow'rs.  
 Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn. 570  
 The bath preparing for her lord's return :  
 In vain : alas ! her lord returns no more !  
 Unbathed he lies, and bleeds along the shore !  
 Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,  
 And all her members<sup>a</sup> shake with sudden fear ; 575  
 Forth from her iv'ry hand the shuttle falls,  
 As thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls :  
 "Ah, follow me !" she cried ; "what plaintive noise  
 Invades<sup>a</sup> my ear ? 'Tis sure my mother's voice.  
 My falt'ring knees their trembling frame desert, 580  
 A pulse unusual flutters at my heart.<sup>a</sup>  
 Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate  
 (Ye gods avert it !) threatens the Trojan state.  
 Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest !

575. Pope's modesty is sometimes appalling.

579. Invades. Lat. *invadere*, to enter into.

581. "And in my own breast my heart leapeth to my mouth." This line is a fine example in brief of the difference between Homeric and eighteenth century feeling and diction. Chapman is far better.

"Come," said she, "I hear through all this cry  
 My mother's voice shriek, to my throat my heart bounds ; ecstasy  
 Utterly alters me."

But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast 585  
 Confronts Achilles; chas'd along the plain,  
 Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him slain!  
 Safe in the crowd he ever scorn'd to wait,  
 And sought for glory in the jaws of fate:  
 Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath, 590  
 Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death."

She spoke; and, furious, with distracted pace,  
 Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face,  
 Flies through the dome (the maids her steps pursue),  
 And mounts the walls, and sends around her view. 595  
 Too soon her eyes the killing object<sup>a</sup> found,  
 The godlike Hector dragged along the ground.  
 A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes:  
 She faints, she falls; her breath, her colour, flies.  
 Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound, 600  
 The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,  
 The veil and diadem, flew far away  
 (The gift of Venus on her bridal day).  
 Around, a train of weeping sisters stands,  
 To raise her sinking with assistant hands. 605  
 Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again  
 She faints, or but recovers to complain:

"O wretched husband of a wretched wife!  
 Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!  
 For sure one star its baneful beam display'd 610  
 On Priam's roof, and Hippoplacia's shade.  
 From diff'rent parents, diff'rent climes, we came,  
 At diff'rent periods, yet our fate the same!

Why was my birth to great Eëtion ow'd,  
And why was all that tender care bestow'd? 615  
Would I had never been!—Oh thou, the ghost  
Of my dead husband! miserably lost!  
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!  
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!  
An only child, once comfort of my pains, 620  
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!  
No more to smile upon his sire! no friend  
To help him now! no father to defend!  
For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom,  
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come! 625  
E'en from his own paternal roof expell'd,  
Some stranger ploughs his patrimonial field.  
The day that to the shades the father sends,  
Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends:  
He, wretched outcast of mankind! appears 630  
For ever sad, for ever bathed in tears;  
Amongst the happy, unregarded he  
Hangs on the robe or trembles at the knee;  
While those his father's former bounty fed,  
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread: 635  
The kindest but his present wants allay,  
To leave him wretched the succeeding day.  
Frugal compassion! Heedless, they who boast  
Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,  
Shall cry, 'Begone! thy father feasts not here:' 640  
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.  
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,  
To my sad soul Astyanax appears!  
Forced by repeated insults to return,



And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn, 645  
 He who, with tender delicacy bred,  
 With princes sported, and on dainties fed,  
 And, when still ev'ning gave him up to rest,  
 Sunk soft in down upon the nurse's breast,  
 Must—ah what must he not? Whom Ilion calls 650  
 Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls,  
 Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!  
 Since now no more thy father guards his Troy.  
 But thou, my Hector! liest expos'd in air,<sup>a</sup>  
 Far from thy parents' and thy consort's care, 655  
 Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,  
 The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.  
 Now to devouring flames be these a prey,  
 Useless to thee, from this accursed day!  
 Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid, 660  
 An honour to the living, not the dead!"

So spake the mournful dame: her matrons hear,  
 Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

In spite of the chronic difficulties that always beset Pope in his translation of Homer, and in spite of many a sad lapse into a weak and insufficient phrase, the general tone of this twenty-second book is particularly strong and true; though it is not that portion of the *Iliad* in which Pope has come nearest to rendering Homer. His best translation is the ninth book in general, and in particular the reply of Achilles to the chiefs, as Mr. Leaf indicates.

654. Here again a strong contrast is avoided, for reasons which to those who have come thus far will be apparent.

"But now by the beaked ships, far from thy parents, shall coiling worms devour thee when the dogs have had their fill, as thou liest naked; yet in these halls lieth raiment of thine, delicate and fair, wrought by the hands of women."

#### SUMMARY OF BOOK XXIII.

The spirit of Patroclus appears to Achilles, and craves burial for the corpse, which is burned on a great pyre, with slaying of many victims. Twelve Trojan captives are slain, and cast on the pyre. Games follow in honor of the funeral.

BOOK XXIV

THE REDEMPTION OF THE BODY OF HECTOR

NOW from the finish'd games<sup>a</sup> the Grecian band  
Seek their black ships, and clear the crowded  
strand:

All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet share,  
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.

Not so Achilles: he, to grief resign'd,

5

His friend's dear image present to his mind,

Takes his sad couch, more unobserv'd to weep,

Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep;

Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,

And all his soul on his Patroclus fed:

10

The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,<sup>a</sup>

That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,

What toils they shar'd, what martial works they  
wrought,

What seas they measur'd, and what fields they  
fought;<sup>a</sup>

All pass'd before him in remembrance dear,

15

Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.

And now supine, now prone,<sup>a</sup> the hero lay,

Now shifts his side, impatient for the day;

i. The funeral games over the body of Patroclus.

11-14. Note the even balancing.

17. Lat. *supinus*, flat on the back; *pronus*, face downward.

Then starting up, disconsolate he goes  
 Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes. 20  
 There as the solitary mourner raves,  
 The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves :  
 Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd<sup>a</sup>  
 The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.  
 And thrice, Patroclus ! round thy monument 25  
 Was Hector dragg'd, then hurried to the tent.  
 There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eyes ;  
 While foul in dust th' unhonour'd carcass lies,  
 But not deserted by the pitying skies.  
 For Phœbus watch'd it with superior care, 30  
 Preserv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air ;<sup>a</sup>  
 And, ignominious as it swept the field,  
 Spread o'er the sacred corse his golden shield.  
 All heaven was mov'd, and Hermes will'd<sup>a</sup> to go  
 By stealth to snatch him from th' insulting foe ; 35  
 But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies,

23. JOINED, *i. e.*, in the yoke.

31. Cf. l. 955 ; also Virgil, in the second book of the *Æneid*, where Æneas describes the shade of Hector as he appeared the night of the sack of Troy :

"A bloody shroud he seemed, and bathed in tears,  
 Such as he was when by Pelides slain,  
 Thessalian coursers dragged him o'er the plain,  
 Swollen were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust  
 Through the bored holes, his body black with dust.

And all the wounds he for his country bore,  
 Now streamed afresh, and with new purple ran."

—Dryden's Translation.

34. Declared his willingness. Hermes, Mercury, messenger of the gods, and especially noted for acts of the kind,

And th' unrelenting empress of the skies :  
 E'er since that day implacable to Troy,  
 What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy,  
 Won by destructive lust (reward obscene),<sup>a</sup> 40  
 Their charms rejected for the Cyprian queen.  
 But when the tenth celestial morning broke,  
 To heav'n assembled, thus Apollo spoke :  
 "Unpitying powers ! how oft each holy fane  
 Has Hector tinged with blood of victims slain ! 45  
 And can ye still his cold remains pursue ?  
 Still grudge his body to the Trojans' view ?  
 Deny to consort, mother, son, and sire,  
 The last sad honours of a fun'ral fire ?  
 Is then the dire Achilles all your care ? 50  
 That iron heart, inflexibly severe ;  
 A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide  
 In strength of rage and impotence of pride ;  
 Who hastes to murder with a savage joy,  
 Invades around,<sup>a</sup> and breathes but to destroy. 55  
 Shame is not of his soul, nor understood<sup>a</sup>  
 The greatest evil and the greatest good.  
 Still for one loss he rages unresign'd,  
 Repugnant to the lot of all mankind ;<sup>a</sup>

40. Pope's comment. THE CYPRIAN QUEEN, Venus—this title from Cyprus, where was a noted temple of Venus. This passage is the sole reference in the *Iliad* to the story of the apple of discord. Cf. Gayley, p. 286.

55. *I. e.*, wanders fiercely around. An intransitive use of the verb.

56. Nor is the greatest evil, etc., understood by him.

59. Refusing all fellowship with men.

To lose a friend, a brother, or a son, 60  
 Heav'n dooms each mortal, and its will is done :  
 Awhile they sorrow, then dismiss their care ;  
 Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.  
 But this insatiate the commission giv'n<sup>a</sup>  
 By fate exceeds, and tempts the wrath of heav'n : 65  
 Lo how his rage dishonest drags along  
 Hector's dead earth, insensible of wrong !  
 Brave though he be, yet by no reason aw'd,  
 He violates the laws of man and God !"  
 "If equal honours by the partial<sup>a</sup> skies 70  
 Are doom'd both heroes," Juno thus replies,  
 "If Thetis' son must no distinction know,  
 Then hear, ye gods ! the patron of the bow.  
 But Hector only<sup>a</sup> boasts a mortal claim,  
 His birth deriving from a mortal dame : 75  
 Achilles of your own ethereal race  
 Springs from a goddess, by a man's embrace  
 (A goddess by ourself to Peleus giv'n,  
 A man divine, and chosen friend of heav'n) :  
 To grace those nuptials,<sup>a</sup> from the bright abode 80  
 Yourselves were present ; where this minstrel-god<sup>a</sup>  
 (Well-pleas'd to share the feast) amid the quire  
 Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre."

64. This insatiate one, Achilles—insatiate in his grief—exceeds the commission (rather, permission) given by fate to be sorrowful, and so tempts the wrath, etc.

70. From Juno's point of view.

74. ONLY, careless construction.

80. Finely described in a lyric by Catullus.

81. Apollo. Notice the sarcastic cut at his art. There is nothing of this in the original.



Then thus the Thund'rer checks th' imperial dame:<sup>a</sup>  
 "Let not thy wrath the court of heav'n inflame; 85  
 Their merits, nor their honours, are the same.  
 But mine, and every god's peculiar grace  
 Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race:  
 Still on our shrines his grateful off'rings lay<sup>a</sup>  
 (The only honours men to gods can pay), 90  
 Nor ever from our smoking altar ceas'd  
 The pure libation, and the holy feast.  
 Howe'er, by stealth to snatch the corse away,  
 We will not:<sup>a</sup> Thetis guards it night and day.  
 But haste, and summon to our courts above 95  
 The azure<sup>a</sup> queen: let her persuasion move  
 Her furious son from Priam to receive  
 The proffer'd ransom, and the corse to leave."<sup>a</sup>  
 He added not: and Iris<sup>a</sup> from the skies,  
 Swift as a whirlwind, on the message flies; 100  
 Meteorous the face of ocean sweeps,<sup>a</sup>  
 Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps.

84. A frequent necessity on the part of Jupiter.

89. Byron made this same grammatical error in *Childe Harold*, Canto IV, Stanza 180, l. 9.

94. It is not our will to snatch, etc.

96. From her empire in the sea.

98. Let go, return.

99. The maiden messenger of heaven. The goddess of the rainbow in later legend.

101. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, XII, 629 *seq.*

"The cherubim descended; on the ground  
 Gliding meteorous, as evening mist  
 Risen from the river o'er the marish glides."

Between where Samos<sup>a</sup> wide his forests spreads.  
 And rocky Imbrus<sup>a</sup> lifts its pointed heads,  
 Down plunged the maid (the parted waves resound) ; 105  
 She plunged, and instant shot the dark profound.  
 As, bearing death in the fallacious bait,  
 From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight ;<sup>a</sup>  
 So pass'd the goddess through the closing wave,  
 Where Thetis sorrow'd in her secret cave : 110  
 There placed amidst her melancholy train  
 (The blue-hair'd<sup>a</sup> sisters of the sacred main)  
 Pensive she sat, revolving fates to come,  
 And wept her godlike son's approaching doom.  
 Then thus the goddess of the painted bow : 115  
 "Arise, O Thetis! from thy seats below ;  
 'Tis Jove that calls." "And why," the dame replies,  
 "Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated skies?  
 Sad object as I am for heav'nly sight!  
 Ah! may my sorrows ever shun the light! 120  
 Howe'er, be heav'n's almighty sire obeyed."

103, 104. Ægean Islands.

108. The exact nature of this implement has puzzled the commentators not a little, and rather than enter into their conjectures we prefer to leave the matter to the ingenuity of the reader.

112. Homer has not this epithet here, but "blue-hair'd" is rather commonly applied to Nereids and sea gods, also occasionally, "green-haired." See l. 96, and cf. Milton, *Comus*, l. 29 seq.

" But this Isle,  
 The greatest and the best of all the main,  
 He quarters to his blue-haired deities,"

She spake, and veil'd her head in sable shade,<sup>a</sup>  
 Which, flowing long, her graceful person clad;  
 And forth she paced majestically sad.

Then through the world of waters they repair 125  
 (The way fair Iris led) to upper air.  
 The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,  
 And touch with momentary flight the skies.<sup>a</sup>  
 There in the lightning's blaze the sire they found,  
 And all the gods in shining synod round. 130  
 Thetis approach'd with anguish in her face  
 (Minerva rising gave the mourner place),<sup>a</sup>  
 E'en Juno sought her sorrows to console,  
 And offer'd from her hand the nectar bowl:  
 She tasted, and resign'd it: then began 135  
 The sacred sire of gods and mortal man:  
 "Thou com'st, fair Thetis, but with grief o'ercast,  
 Maternal sorrows, long, ah long to last!  
 Suffice, we know, and we partake, thy cares:  
 But yield to fate, and hear what Jove declares. 140  
 Nine days are past, since all the court above  
 In Hector's cause have mov'd the ear of Jove;  
 'Twas voted, Hermes from his godlike foe  
 By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so:  
 We will, thy son himself the corpse restore, 145  
 And to his conquest add this glory more.

122. "Took to her a dark-hued robe."

128. *I. e.*, in a moment's space they reach the skies.

132. "Then she sat down beside father Zeus, and Athene gave her place." Apparently this was Athene's seat at the Olympic board.

Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear ;  
 Tell him he tempts the wrath of heav'n too far :  
 Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)  
 Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead : 150  
 But yield to ransom and the father's pray'r.  
 The mournful father Iris shall prepare,  
 With gifts to sue ; and offer to his hands  
 Whate'er his honour asks or heart demands."

His word the silver-footed queen attends, 155  
 And from Olympus' snowy<sup>a</sup> tops descends.  
 Arriv'd, she heard the voice of loud lament,  
 And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent.<sup>a</sup>  
 His friends prepare the victim and dispose  
 Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes. 160  
 The goddess seats her by her pensive son ;  
 She press'd his hand, and tender thus begun :

"How long, unhappy ! shall thy sorrows flow ?  
 And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe ?  
 Mindless of food, or love, whose pleasing reign 165  
 Soothes weary life, and softens human pain ?  
 O snatch the moments yet within thy pow'r ;  
 Not long to live, indulge the am'rous hour !  
 Lo ! Jove himself (for Jove's command I bear)  
 Forbids to tempt the wrath of heav'n too far. 170  
 No longer then (his fury if thou dread)  
 Detain the relics of great Hector dead ;  
 Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain,  
 But yield to ransom and restore the slain."

156. Pope's epithet.

158. It is hardly needful to call attention to the exaggeration.

To whom Achilles : "Be the ransom giv'n,  
And we submit, since such the will of heav'n." 175

While thus they commun'd,<sup>a</sup> from th' Olympian  
bow'rs

Jove orders Iris to the Trojan tow'rs :  
"Haste, wingèd goddess, to the sacred town,  
And urge her monarch to redeem his son ;  
Alone, the Ilian ramparts let him leave, 180  
And bear what stern Achilles may receive :  
Alone, for so we will : no Trojan near ;  
Except, to place the dead with decent care,  
Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand,  
May the slow mules and fun'ral car command. 185  
Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,  
Safe through the foe by our protection led :  
Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey,  
Guard of his life, and partner of his way.  
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare 190  
His age, nor touch one venerable hair :  
Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,  
Some sense of duty, some desire to save."

Then down her bow the wingèd Iris drives,<sup>a</sup>  
And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives : 195  
Where the sad sons beside their father's throne  
Sat bathed in tears, and answered groan with  
groan,  
And all amidst them lay the hoary sire  
(Sad scene of woe !), his face his wrapp'd attire 200

177. Wrenched accent.

195. DRIVES.—Speeds.

Conceal'd from sight ; with frantic hands he spread  
 A show'r of ashes o'er his neck and head.  
 From room to room his pensive<sup>a</sup> daughters roam :  
 Whose shrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome ;  
 Mindful of those, who, late their pride and joy, 205  
 Lie pale and breathless round the fields of Troy !  
 Before the king Jove's messenger appears,  
 And thus in whispers greets his trembling ears :  
 "Fear not, oh father ! no ill news I bear ;  
 From Jove I come, Jove makes thee still his care ; 210  
 For Hector's sake these walls he bids thee leave,  
 And bear what stern Achilles may receive :<sup>a</sup>  
 Alone, for so he wills : no Trojan near,  
 Except, to place the dead with decent care,  
 Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand, 215  
 May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.  
 Nor shalt thou death, nor shalt thou danger dread ;  
 Safe through the foe by his protection led :  
 Thee Hermes to Pelides shall convey,  
 Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way. 220  
 Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare  
 Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair :  
 Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,  
 Some sense of duty, some desire to save."  
 She spoke, and vanish'd. Priam bids prepare 225  
 His gentle mules, and harness to the car ;  
 There, for the gifts, a polish'd casket lay ;

203. PENSIVE is wrenched into the sense of "filled with woe."

212. These are the words of Jupiter. Cf. l. 182 *seq.*



His pious sons the king's commands obey.  
Then pass'd the monarch to his bridal-room,  
Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume, 230  
And where the treasures of his empire lay;  
Then call'd his queen, and thus began to say:  
    "Unhappy consort of a king distress'd!  
Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast:  
I saw descend the messenger of Jove, 235  
Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move,  
Forsake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain  
The corse of Hector, at yon navy slain.  
Tell me thy thought: my heart impels to go  
Through hostile camps, and bears me to the foe." 240  
The hoary monarch thus: her piercing cries  
Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies:  
"Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind;  
And where the prudence now that awed mankind,  
Through Phrygia once, and foreign regions known? 245  
Now all confus'd, distracted, overthrown!  
Singly to pass through hosts of foes! to face  
(Oh heart of steel!) the murderer of thy race!  
To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er  
Those hands, yet red with Hector's noble gore! 250  
Alas! my lord! he knows not how to spare,  
And what his mercy thy slain sons declare;  
So brave! so many fall'n! to calm his rage  
Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.  
No—pent in this sad palace, let us give 255  
To grief the wretched days we have to live.  
Still, still, for Hector let our sorrows flow,

Born to his own, and to his parents' woe!  
 Doom'd from the hour his luckless life begun,  
 To dogs, to vultures, and to Peleus' son! 260  
 Oh! in his dearest blood might I allay  
 My rage, and these barbarities repay!  
 For ah! could Hector merit thus? whose breath  
 Expir'd not meanly, in unactive death?  
 He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight, 265  
 And fell a hero in his country's right."

"Seek not to stay me, nor my soul affright  
 With words of omen, like a bird of night,"  
 Replied unmov'd the venerable man:  
 "'Tis heaven commands me, and you urge in vain. 270  
 Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,  
 Nor augur, priest, nor seer had been obey'd.  
 A present goddess<sup>a</sup> brought the high command;  
 I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.  
 I go, ye gods! obedient to your call: 275  
 If in yon camp your pow'rs have doom'd my fall,  
 Content: by the same hand let me expire!  
 Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched sire!  
 One cold embrace at least may be allow'd,  
 And my last tears flow mingled with his blood!" 280

Forth from his open'd stores, this said, he drew  
 Twelve costly carpets of refulgent hue;  
 As many vests, as many mantles told,  
 And twelve fair veils, and garments stiff with gold;  
 Two tripods next, and twice two chargers shine, 285  
 With ten pure talents from the richest mine;

273. A goddess in her own person.

And last a large, well-labour'd bowl had place  
 (The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace) :  
 Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,  
 For one last look to buy him back to Troy ! 290

Lo ! the sad father, frantic with his pain,  
 Around him furious drives his menial train :  
 In vain each slave with duteous care attends,  
 Each office<sup>a</sup> hurts him, and each face offends.  
 "What make ye<sup>a</sup> here, officious crowds !" (he cries) 295  
 "Hence, nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes.

Have ye no griefs at home, to fix ye there ?  
 Am I the only object of despair ?  
 Am I become my people's common show,  
 Set up by Jove your spectacle of woe ? 300

No, you must feel him too : yourselves must fall :  
 The same stern god to ruin gives you all :  
 Nor is great Hector lost by me alone :  
 Your sole defence, your guardian power, is gone !  
 I see your blood the fields of Phrygia drown ; 305  
 I see the ruins of your smoking town !  
 Oh send me, gods, ere that sad day shall come,  
 A willing ghost to Pluto's dreary dome !"

He said, and feebly drives his friends away :  
 The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey. 310  
 Next on his sons his erring fury falls,  
 Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls ;  
 His threats Deïphobus and Dius hear,  
 Hippothoüs, Pammon, Helenus the seer,

294. Kindness or duty done him.

295. An old expression for "what do ye?"

And gen'rous Antiphon; for yet these nine 315  
Surviv'd, sad relics of his num'rous line:

"Inglorious sons of an unhappy sire!  
Why did not all in Hector's cause expire?  
Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,  
You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain! 320  
Nestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,  
With Troilus,<sup>a</sup> dreadful on his rushing car,  
And last great Hector, more than man divine,  
For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line!

All those relentless Mars untimely slew, 325  
And left me these, a soft and servile crew,  
Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ,  
Gluttons and flatt'ers, the contempt of Troy!  
Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,<sup>a</sup>  
And speed my journey to redeem my son?" 330

The sons their father's wretched age revere,  
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.<sup>a</sup>  
High on the seat the cabinet they bind:<sup>a</sup>  
The new-made car with solid beauty shined:  
Box was the yoke, embossed with costly pains, 335  
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins:

322. Not mentioned elsewhere in the *Iliad*. The story of Troilus' love for false Cressida and his death—an interesting mediæval legendary growth upon the Homeric story—is told by many later poets, *e. g.*, Chaucer, Shakspeare, and others in our literature.

329. "Will ye not make me ready a wain with all speed."

332. A very flat effect is produced by this line.

333. "And bound the body thereof on the frame." Pope, however, follows the details of this passage pretty closely.

Nine cubits long, the traces swept the ground ;  
 These to the chariot's polish'd pole they bound,  
 Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide,  
 And, close beneath, the gather'd ends were tied. 340  
 Next with the gifts (the price of Hector slain)  
 The sad attendants load the groaning wain :  
 Last to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring  
 (The gift of Mysia to the Trojan king).  
 But the fair horses, long his darling care, 345  
 Himself receiv'd, and harness'd to his car :  
 Griev'd as he was, he not this task denied ;  
 The hoary herald helped him at his side.  
 While careful these the gentle coursers join'd,  
 Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind ; 350  
 A golden bowl, that foam'd with fragrant wine  
 (Libation destin'd to the pow'r divine),  
 Held in her right, before the steeds she stands,  
 And thus consigns it to the monarch's hands :  
 "Take this, and pour to Jove; that, safe from  
     harms, 355  
 His grace restore thee to our roof and arms.  
 Since, victor of thy fears, and slighting mine,  
 Heav'n, or thy soul, inspire this bold design,  
 Pray to that god, who, high on Ida's brow,  
 Surveys thy desolated realms below, 360  
 His wingèd messenger<sup>a</sup> to send from high,  
 And lead the way with heav'nly augury :  
 Let the strong sovereign of the plummy race

361. The eagle. One of the commonest modes of augury in classical times was by observing the flight of birds.

Tow'r on the right of yon ethereal space.  
That sign beheld, and strengthen'd from above, 365  
Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by Jove;  
But if the god his augury denies,  
Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice."

"'Tis just" (said Priam) "to the Sire above  
To raise our hands; for who so good as Jove?" 370

He spoke, and bade th' attendant handmaid bring  
The purest water of the living spring  
(Her ready hands the ewer and bason held);  
Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd;  
On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine, 375  
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the pow'r divine:

"Oh first and greatest! heav'n's imperial lord!  
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd!  
To stern Achilles now direct my ways,  
And teach him mercy when a father prays. 380  
If such thy will, despatch from yonder sky  
Thy sacred bird, celestial augury!

Let the strong sov'reign of the plummy race  
Tow'r on the right of yon ethereal space:  
So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above, 385  
Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove."

Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne on high  
Despatch'd his bird, celestial augury!  
The swift-wing'd chaser of the feather'd game,  
And known to gods by Percnos<sup>a</sup> lofty name. 390  
Wide as appears some palace-gate display'd,  
So broad his pinions stretch'd their ample shade,

390. "Called of men the Black Eagle."



As, stooping dexter<sup>a</sup> with resounding wings,  
 Th' imperial bird descends in airy rings.  
 A dawn of joy in ev'ry face appears; 395  
 The mourning matron dries her tim'rous tears.  
 Swift on his car th' impatient monarch sprung;  
 The brazen portal in his passage rung.  
 The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,  
 Charged with the gifts; Idæus holds the rein: 400  
 The king himself his gentle steeds controls,  
 And through surrounding friends the chariot rolls;  
 On his slow wheels the following people wait,  
 Mourn at each step, and give him up to fate;  
 With hands uplifted, eye him as he pass'd, 405  
 And gaze upon him as they gaz'd their last.

Now forward fares the father on his way,  
 Through the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.  
 Great Jove beheld him as he cross'd the plain,  
 And felt the woes of miserable man. 410  
 Then thus to Hermes: "Thou, whose constant cares  
 Still succour mortals, and attend their pray'rs!<sup>a</sup>  
 Behold an object to thy charge consign'd;  
 If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,  
 Go, guard the sire; th' observing foe prevent, 415  
 And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent."

The god obeys, his golden pinions binds,<sup>a</sup>

393. "On the right hand above the city."

412. Mercury was especially invoked by those setting out on a journey.

417. With this passage, cf. *Paradise Lost*, V, 266 seq.

. . . "Down thither prone in flight  
 He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky

And mounts incumbent<sup>a</sup> on the wings of winds,  
 That high through fields of air his flight sustain,  
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main: 420  
 Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,  
 Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye:  
 Thus arm'd, swift Hermes steers his airy way,  
 And stoops on Hellespont's resounding sea.  
 A beauteous youth, majestic and divine, 425  
 He seem'd; fair offspring of some princely line!  
 Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,<sup>a</sup>  
 And clad the dusky fields in sober grey;  
 What time the herald and the hoary king,  
 Their chariot stopping at the silver spring, 430  
 That circling Ilus' ancient marble<sup>a</sup> flows,  
 Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose.  
 Through the dim shade the herald first espies  
 A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries:  
 "I mark some foe's advance: O king! beware; 435

Sails between worlds and worlds with steady wing,  
 Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan  
 Winnows the buxom air. . . .  
 At once on the eastern cliffs of Paradise  
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns  
 A seraph wing'd. . . .

Like Maia's son he stood,  
 And shook his plumes that heavenly fragrance fill'd  
 The circuit wide."

Cf. also the *Æneid*, Book IV, l. 238 *seq.* There is also in Book V of the *Odyssey* a fine passage describing the descent of Hermes to Calypso's isle.

418. Supported on.

427, 428. "Halted, for darkness was come down over the earth."

431. The funeral mound ("barrow") of Ilus.

This hard adventure claims thy utmost care;  
For much I fear destruction hovers nigh:  
Our state asks counsel. Is it best to fly?  
Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall  
(Two wretched suppliants), and for mercy call?" 440

Th' afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair;  
Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair;  
Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;  
A sudden trembling shook his aged frame:  
When Hermes, greeting, touch'd his royal hand, 445  
And, gentle, thus accosts with kind demand:

"Say whither, father! when each mortal sight  
Is seal'd in sleep, thou wander'st through the night?  
Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along,  
Through Grecian foes, so num'rous and so strong? 450  
What couldst thou hope, should these thy treasures  
view:

These, who with endless hate thy race pursue?  
For what defence, alas! couldst thou provide,  
Thyself not young, a weak old man thy guide?  
Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread; 455  
From me no harm shall touch thy rev'rend head:  
From Greece I'll guard thee too; for in those lines  
The living image of my father shines."

"Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind,  
Are true, my son!" the godlike sire rejoind:  
"Great are my hazards; but the gods survey  
My steps and send thee, guardian of my way.  
Hail! and be blest; for scarce of mortal kind  
Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind." 460

“Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide,” 465  
The sacred messenger of heav’n replied :

“But say, convey’st thou through the lonely plains  
What yet most precious of thy store remains,  
To lodge in safety with some friendly hand,  
Prepar’d perchance to leave thy native land? 470  
Or fly’st thou now? What hopes can Troy retain,  
Thy matchless son, her guard and glory, slain?”

The king, alarmed: “Say what and whence thou art,  
Who search<sup>a</sup> the sorrows of a parent’s heart,  
And know so well how godlike Hector died?” 475  
Thus Priam spoke, and Hermes thus replied :

“You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:<sup>a</sup>  
On this sad subject you inquire too much.<sup>a</sup>  
Oft have these eyes the godlike Hector view’d  
In glorious fight, with Grecian blood imbrued; 480  
I saw him when, like Jove, his flames he toss’d  
On thousand ships, and wither’d half a host:  
I saw, but help’d not; stern Achilles’ ire  
Forbade assistance, and enjoy’d the fire.  
For him I serve, of Myrmidonian race; 485  
One ship convey’d us from our native place;  
Polyctor is my sire, an honoured name,  
Old like thyself, and not unknown to fame;  
Of seven his sons, by whom the lot was cast  
To serve our prince, it fell on me the last. 490  
To watch this quarter my adventure<sup>a</sup> falls;

474. Grammatically at fault.

477, 478. A rather flat effect. Also again in 483-84.

491. Almost in the sense of “lot.”

For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls :  
 Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,  
 And scarce their rulers check their martial rage."

"If then thou art of stern Pelides' train"

495

(The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again),

"Ah, tell me truly, where, oh! where are laid  
 My son's dear relics? what befalls him dead?

Have dogs dismember'd<sup>a</sup> on the naked plains,

Or yet unmangled rest his cold remains!"

500

"O favour'd of the skies!" (thus answer'd then  
 The pow'r that mediates 'tween gods and men),<sup>a</sup>

"Nor dogs, nor vultures, have thy Hector rent,  
 But whole he lies, neglected in the tent :

This the twelfth, ev'ning since he rested there,

505

Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.

Still as Aurora's<sup>a</sup> ruddy beam is spread,

Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead ;

Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,<sup>a</sup>

All fresh he lies, with every living grace,

510

Majestical in death! No stains are found

O'er all the corse, and closed is ev'ry wound ;

Though many a wound they gave. Some heav'nly  
 care,

Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair :

499. Note the omission of the object "him" after "dismembered."

502. Not, however, in any Christian sense. The original has "messenger."

507. Goddess of the dawn.

509. Cf. Book XXII, 467-68.

Or all the host of heav'n, to whom he led 515  
A life so grateful, still regard<sup>a</sup> him dead."

Thus spoke to Priam the celestial guide,  
And joyful thus the royal sire replied :  
"Bless'd is the man who pays the gods above  
The constant tribute of respect and love ! 520

Those who inhabit the Olympian bow'r  
My son forgot not, in exalted pow'r ;  
And Heav'n, that every virtue bears in mind,  
E'en to the ashes of the dust is kind.

But thou, oh gen'rous youth ! this goblet take, 525  
A pledge of gratitude for Hector's sake ;  
And while the fav'ring gods our steps survey,  
Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way."

To whom the latent god : "O king, forbear  
To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err ; 530  
But can I, absent from my prince's sight,  
Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light ?  
What from our master's int'rest thus we draw  
Is but a licens'd theft that 'scapes the law.

Respecting him, my soul abjures th' offence ; 535  
And, as the crime, I dread the consequence.  
Thee, far as Argos, pleas'd I could convey ;  
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way :  
On thee attend, thy safety to maintain,  
O'er pathless forests, or the roaring main." 540

He said, then took the chariot at a bound,  
And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash around :  
Before th' inspiring god that urged them on



The coursers fly, with spirit not their own.  
 And now they reach'd the naval walls,<sup>a</sup> and found 545  
 The guards repasting,<sup>a</sup> while the bowls go round:  
 On these the virtue of his wand he tries,  
 And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes:  
 Then heav'd the massy gates, remov'd the bars,  
 And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars. 550  
 Unseen, through all the hostile camp they went,  
 And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.<sup>a</sup>  
 Of fir the roof was raised, and cover'd o'er  
 With reeds collected from the marshy shore;  
 And, fenced with palisades, a hall of state 555  
 (The work of soldiers) where the hero sate.  
 Large was the door, whose well-compacted strength  
 A solid pine tree barr'd of wondrous length;  
 Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty  
 weight,  
 But great Achilles singly closed the gate. 560  
 This Hermes (such the pow'r of gods) set wide;  
 Then swift alighted the celestial guide,  
 And thus, reveal'd: "Hear, prince! and understand  
 Thou ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand;  
 Hermes I am, descended from above, 565  
 The king of arts, the messenger of Jove.  
 Farewell: to shun Achilles' sight I fly;  
 Uncommon are such favours of the sky,

545. "The towers and trench of the ships."

546. Note the unusual verb form.

552. TENT, used in a loose sense. This was the tenth year of the war, and they had long since built huts for themselves.

Nor stand confess'd<sup>a</sup> to frail mortality.  
 Now fearless enter, and prefer thy pray'rs ; 570  
 Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,  
 His son, his mother ! urge him to bestow  
 Whatever pity that stern heart can know."

Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,  
 And in a moment shot into the skies : 575  
 The king, confirm'd from heav'n, alighted there,  
 And left his aged herald on the car.  
 With solemn pace through various rooms he went,  
 And found Achilles in his inner tent :  
 There sat the hero ; Alcimus the brave, 580  
 And great Automedon,<sup>a</sup> attendance gave ;  
 These served his person at the royal feast ;  
 Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.

Unseen by these, the king his entry made ;  
 And, prostrate now before Achilles laid, 585  
 Sudden (a venerable sight !) appears ;  
 Embraced his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears ;  
 Those direful hands his kisses press'd, imbrued  
 E'en with the best, the dearest of his blood !

As when a wretch (who, conscious of his crime, 590  
 Pursued for murder, flies his native clime)  
 Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amaz'd !  
 All gaze, all wonder : thus Achilles gaz'd :  
 Thus stood th' attendants stupid with surprise :

569. The subject of the verb apparently is "I," though coming after the more general statement, it has an elliptical effect.

581. The charioteer of Achilles.

All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes : 595  
 Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,  
 Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke :  
 "Ah think, thou favour'd of the powers divine!<sup>a</sup>  
 Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!  
 In me, that father's rev'rend image trace, 600  
 Those silver hairs, that venerable face ;  
 His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see !  
 In all my equal, but in misery !  
 Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate  
 Expels him helpless from his peaceful state ; 605  
 Think, from some pow'rful foes thou see'st him fly,  
 And beg protection with a feeble cry.

598. "The whole scene between Achilles and Priam, when the latter comes to the Greek camp for the purpose of redeeming the body of Hector, is at once the most profoundly skilful, and yet the simplest and most affecting passage in the *Iliad*. . . . Observe the exquisite taste of Priam in occupying the mind of Achilles, from the outset, with the image of his father in gradually introducing the parallel of his own situation; and, lastly, mentioning Hector's name when he perceives that the hero is softened, and then only in such a manner as to flatter the pride of the conqueror. . . . The whole passage defies translation, for there is that about the original Greek which has no name, but which is of so fine and ethereal a subtlety that it can only(!) be felt in the original, and is lost in attempt to transfuse it into another language."—*Coleridge*.

A strong contrast to the magnanimous treatment of Priam by Achilles is to be found in the murder of Priam by Pyrrhus, "the degenerate Neoptolemus," as he scornfully calls himself. *Æneid*, Book II, l. 505 *seq.* Priam calls to his mind the nobleness of his father Achilles, but this proves of no avail.

Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise ;  
 He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes ;  
 And, hearing, still may hope a better day 610  
 May send him thee, to chase that foe away.  
 No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,  
 The best, the bravest of my sons are slain !  
 Yet what a race ! ere Greece to Ilion came,  
 The pledge of many a lov'd and loving dame ! 615  
 Nineteen one mother bore<sup>a</sup>—Dead, all are dead !  
 How oft, alas ! has wretched Priam bled !  
 Still one was left, their loss to recompense ;  
 His father's hope, his country's last defence.  
 Him too thy rage has slain ! beneath thy steel, 620  
 Unhappy, in his country's cause, he fell !  
 For him through hostile camps I bent my way,  
 For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay ;<sup>a</sup>  
 Large gifts, proportion'd to thy wrath, I bear :  
 Oh, hear the wretched, and the gods revere ! 625  
 Think of thy father, and this face behold !  
 See him in me, as helpless and as old ;  
 Though not so wretched : there he yields to me,  
 The first of men in sov'reign misery.  
 Thus forced to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace 630  
 The scourge and ruin of my realm and race :  
 Suppliant my children's murd'rer to implore,  
 And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore !"<sup>a</sup>

616. Hecuba. The rest were offspring of his other wives and concubines.

623. Pope seems to have misused this verb again, cf. l. 52. Priam still lies at Achilles' feet, see below, l. 636.

These words soft pity in the chief inspire,  
 Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his sire. 635  
 Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)  
 The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away,  
 Now each by turns indulged the gush of woe;  
 And now the mingled tides together flow:  
 This low on earth, that gently bending o'er, 640  
 A father one, and one a son deplore:  
 But great Achilles diff'rent passions rend,  
 And now his sire he mourns, and now his friend.  
 Th' infectious softness through the heroes ran;<sup>a</sup>  
 One universal solemn show'r began; 645  
 They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.

Sate at length with unavailing woes,  
 From the high throne divine Achilles rose;  
 The rev'rend monarch by the hand he rais'd;  
 On his white beard and form majestic gaz'd, 650  
 Not unrelenting: then serene began  
 With words to soothe the miserable man:

"Alas! what weight of anguish hast thou known,  
 Unhappy prince! thus guardless and alone  
 To pass through foes, and thus undaunted face 655  
 The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race!  
 Heav'n sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,  
 A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.  
 Rise then: let reason mitigate our care:  
 To mourn avails not: man is born to bear. 660

644. Again Pope is at his worst in describing tears. There is not to be found in all Pope's work a passage that is wider of its mark than this, unless it be ll. 900-905 of this book.

Such is, alas! the gods' severe decree;  
 They, only they, are blest, and only free.  
 Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,  
 The source of evil one, and one of good;  
 From thence the cup of mortal man he fills, 665  
 Blessings to these, to those distributes ills;  
 To most he mingles both: the wretch decreed  
 To taste the bad, unmix'd, is curs'd indeed:  
 Pursued by wrongs, by meagre famine driv'n,  
 He wanders, outcast both of earth and heav'n. 670  
 The happiest taste not happiness sincere,  
 But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.  
 Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and power?  
 What stars concurring bless'd his natal hour!  
 A realm, a goddess, to his wishes giv'n, 675  
 Graced by the gods with all the gifts of heav'n!  
 One evil, yet, o'ertakes his latest day;  
 No race succeeding to imperial sway:  
 An only son! and he (alas!) ordain'd  
 To fall untimely in a foreign land! 680  
 See him, in Troy, the pious care decline<sup>a</sup>  
 Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine!  
 Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld;  
 In riches once, in children once excell'd;  
 Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign, 685  
 And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,  
 And all wide Hellespont's unmeasur'd main.  
 But since the god his hand has pleas'd to turn,

681. Decline the care of his father to live the curse of Priam.



And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,  
 What sees the sun, but hapless heroes' falls? 690  
 War, and the blood of men, surround thy walls!  
 What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed  
 These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;  
 Thou canst not call him from the Stygian<sup>a</sup> shore,  
 But thou, alas! may'st live to suffer more!" 695

To whom the king: "O favour'd of the skies!  
 Here let me grow to earth! since Hector lies  
 On the bare beach, depriv'd of obsequies.  
 O give me Hector: to my eyes restore  
 His corse, and take the gifts: I ask no more. 700  
 Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores enjoy;  
 Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from Troy;  
 So shall thy pity and forbearance give  
 A weak old man to see the light, and live!"

"Move me no more," Achilles thus replies, 705  
 While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes,  
 "Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend;  
 To yield thy Hector I myself intend:  
 For know, from Jove my goddess-mother came  
 (Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame); 710  
 Nor com'st thou but by heav'n; nor com'st alone;  
 Some god impels with courage not thy own:  
 No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,  
 Nor could the boldest of our youth have dar'd  
 To pass our out-works, or elude the guard. 715  
 Cease; lest, neglectful of high Jove's command,

689. Cf. l. 663 *seq.*

694. The principal river of Hades. See *Gayley*, p. 78.

I shew thee, king! thou tread'st on hostile land;  
Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,  
And shake the purpose of my soul no more."

The sire obey'd him, trembling and o'erawed. 720  
Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad;  
Automedon and Alcimus attend,  
Whom most he honour'd, since he lost his friend;  
These to unyoke the mules and horses went,  
And led the hoary herald to the tent: 725  
Next, heap'd on high, the num'rous presents bear  
(Great Hector's ransom) from the polish'd car.  
Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread,  
They leave, to cover and enwrap the dead:  
Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil 730  
To wash the body, and anoint with oil,  
Apart from Priam; lest th' unhappy sire,  
Provok'd to passion, once more rouse to ire  
The stern Pelides; and nor sacred age,  
Nor Jove's command, should check the rising rage. 735  
This done, the garments o'er the corse they spread;  
Achilles lifts it to the fun'ral bed:  
Then, while the body on the car they laid,  
He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus'a shade:  
"If, in that gloom which never light must know, 740  
The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below;  
O friend! forgive me that I thus fulfil  
(Restoring Hector) heav'n's unquestion'd will.

739. Friendships like this between Achilles and Patroclus are very common in Grecian life; cf. Palamon and Arcite, Damon and Pythias, etc.

The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,  
 To grace thy manes,<sup>a</sup> and adorn thy shrine." 745  
 He said, and, ent'ring, took his seat of state,  
 Where full before him rev'rend Priam sate:  
 To whom, compos'd, the godlike chief begun:  
 "Lo! to thy pray'r restor'd, thy breathless son;  
 Extended on the fun'ral couch he lies 750  
 And, soon as morning paints the eastern skies,  
 The sight is granted to thy longing eyes.  
 But now the peaceful hours of sacred night  
 Demand refection,<sup>a</sup> and to rest invite:  
 Nor thou, O father! thus consum'd with woe, 755  
 The common cares that nourish life forego.  
 Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,  
 A parent once, whose sorrows equall'd thine:  
 Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,  
 In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades: 760  
 Those by Apollo's silver bow were slain,  
 These, Cynthia's<sup>a</sup> arrows stretch'd upon the plain.  
 So was her pride chastis'd by wrath divine,  
 Who match'd her own with bright Latona's<sup>a</sup> line;  
 But two the goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd; 765  
 Those boasted twelve th' avenging two destroy'd.  
 Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,

745. The spirit of the dead. Sacrifice and divine honors were paid to the dead, especially in a later age, from the idea that they could still influence the course of events on earth.

754. "But now bethink we us of supper."

762. Diana.

764. Cf. *Gayley*, pp. 52, 92, 118.

Nine days, neglected, lay expos'd the dead ;  
 None by to weep them, to inhume<sup>a</sup> them none  
 (For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone) ; 770  
 The gods themselves, at length, relenting, gave  
 Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.  
 Herself a rock (for such was heav'n's high will)  
 Through deserts wild now pours a weeping rill ;  
 Where round the bed whence Acheloüs<sup>a</sup> springs, 775  
 The wat'ry fairies dance in mazy rings:<sup>a</sup>  
 There, high on Sipylus's shaggy brow,  
 She stands, her own sad monument of woe ;  
 The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow.<sup>a</sup>  
 Such griefs, O king ! have other parents known : 780  
 Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.  
 The care of heav'n thy Hectôr has appear'd ;  
 Nor shall he lie unwept, and uninterr'd ;  
 Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,  
 And all the eyes of Ilion stream around." 785

He said, and, rising, chose the victim ewe  
 With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.  
 The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,  
 With skill prepare them, and in parts divide :  
 Each on the coals the sep'rate morsels lays, 790  
 And hasty snatches from the rising blaze.  
 With bread the glitt'ring canisters<sup>a</sup> they load,

769. Lat. *in* and *humus*, the ground.

775. A Lydian stream.

776. This has a mediæval and Northern tone rather than Greek.

779. An Alexandrine.

792. "Fair baskets."

Which round the board Automedon bestow'd :  
 The chief himself to each his portion placed,  
 And each indulging shar'd in sweet repast. 795  
 When now the rage<sup>a</sup> of hunger was repress'd,  
 The wond'ring hero eyes his royal guest ;  
 No less the royal guest the hero eyes,  
 His godlike aspect, and majestic size ;  
 Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage, 800  
 And there, the mild benevolence of age.  
 Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke  
 (A solemn scene!) ;<sup>a</sup> at length the father spoke :  
 "Permit me now, belov'd of Jove, to steep  
 My careful temples in the dew of sleep : 805  
 For since the day that number'd with the dead  
 My hapless son, the dust has been my bed ;  
 Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes ;<sup>a</sup>  
 My only food, my sorrows and my sighs !  
 Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give, 810  
 I share thy banquet, and consent to live."<sup>a</sup>

With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,  
 With purple soft, and shaggy carpets spread.  
 Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,  
 And place the couches, and the cov'rings lay. 815  
 Then he : "Now, father, sleep, but sleep not here,  
 Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear

796. RAGE, as usual.

803. Homer does not call attention to a scene in this fashion. He tells of it simply and leaves us to form our own impressions.

808. These lines are unusually un-Homeric,

Lest any Argive (at this hour awake,  
 To ask our counsel, or our orders take),  
 Approaching sudden to our open'd tent, 820  
 Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.<sup>a</sup>  
 Should such report thy honour'd person here,  
 The king of men the ransom might defer.  
 But say with speed, if aught of thy desire  
 Remains unask'd, what time the rites require 825  
 T' inter thy Hector? For so long we stay  
 Our slaught'ring arm, and bid the hosts obey."

"If then thy will permit," the monarch said,  
 "To finish all due honours to the dead,  
 This, of thy grace, accord: to thee are known 830  
 The fears of Ilion, clos'd within her town;  
 And at what distance from our walls aspire  
 The hills of Ide, and forests for the fire.  
 Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,  
 The tenth shall see the fun'ral and the feast; 835  
 The next, to raise his monument be giv'n;  
 The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heav'n!"

"This thy request," replied the chief, "enjoy:  
 Till then, our arms suspend the fall of Troy."

Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent 840  
 The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;  
 Where fair Briseïs, bright in blooming charms,  
 Expects her hero with desiring arms.  
 But in the porch the king and herald rest,  
 Sad dreams of care yet wand'ring in their breast. 845  
 Now gods and men the gifts of sleep partake;

821. Hinder the favor I would show you,



Industrious Hermes only was awake,  
 The king's return revolving in his mind,  
 To pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind.  
 The pow'r descending hover'd o'er his head, 850  
 And, "Sleep'st thou, father?" (thus the vision said):  
 "Now dost thou sleep, when Hector is restor'd?  
 Nor fear the Grecian foes, or Grecian lord?  
 Thy presence here should stern Atrides see,  
 Thy still-surviving sons may sue for thee; 855  
 May offer all thy treasures yet contain,  
 To spare thy age; and offer all in vain."

Wak'd with the word, the trembling sire arose,  
 And rais'd his friend: the god before him goes:  
 He joins the mules, directs them with his hand, 860  
 And moves in silence through the hostile land.

When now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove  
 (Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove),  
 The wingèd deity forsook their view,  
 And in a moment to Olympus flew. 865

Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray,  
 Sprung through the gates of light, and gave the day.  
 Charged with their mournful load to Ilion go  
 The sage and king, majestically slow.  
 Cassandra first beholds, from Ilion's spire,<sup>a</sup> 870  
 The sad procession of her hoary sire;  
 Then, as the pensive pomp advanced more near  
 (Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier),

870. "Nothing is here said to show that she had the gift  
 of prophecy attributed to her by later legend."—*Leaf*. Cf.  
*Gayley*, p. 308.

A show'r of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,  
Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries: 875

“Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ,  
Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of Troy!  
If e'er ye rush'd in crowds, with vast delight,  
To hail your hero glorious from the fight;  
Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow! 880  
Your common triumph, and your common woe.”

In thronging crowds they issue to the plains,  
Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains:  
In every face the self-same grief is shewn,  
And Troy sends forth one universal groan. 885  
At Scæa's gates, they meet the mourning wain,  
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.  
The wife and mother, frantic with despair,  
Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair;  
Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay; 890  
And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day;  
But godlike Priam from the chariot rose;  
“Forbear,” he cried, “this violence of woes;  
First to the palace let the car proceed,  
Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead.” 895

The waves of people at his word divide;<sup>a</sup>  
Slow rolls the chariot through the following tide:  
E'en to the palace the sad pomp they wait:  
They weep, and place him on the bed of state.  
A melancholy choir attend around,  
With plaintive sighs and music's solemn sound: 900  
Alternately they sing, alternate flow<sup>a</sup>

896. The figure is Pope's, but is very good.

Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe ;  
While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,  
And nature speaks at every pause of art.<sup>a</sup> 905

First to the corse the weeping consort flew ;  
Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw :  
And, "Oh my Hector ! oh my lord !" she cries,  
"Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes !  
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone ! 910  
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone !

An only son, once comfort of our pains,  
Sad product now of hapless love, remains !  
Never to manly age that son shall rise,  
Or with increasing graces glad my eyes ; 915  
For Ilion now (her great defender slain)  
Shall sink, a smoking ruin, on the plain.

Who now protects her wives with guardian care ?  
Who saves her infants from the rage of war ?  
Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er 920  
(Those wives must wait them) to a foreign shore !

Thou too, my son ! to barb'rous climes shalt go,  
The sad companion of thy mother's woe ;  
Driv'n hence a slave before the victor's sword,  
Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord : 925  
Or else some Greek, whose father press'd the plain,  
Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain,  
In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,  
And hurl thee headlong from the tow'rs of Troy.  
For thy stern father never spar'd a foe : 930

902, 905. It is Pope's language rather than the Trojan sorrow that is so heartrending here.

Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe!  
Thence many evils his sad parents bore,  
His parents many, but his consort more.  
Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?  
And why receiv'd not I thy last command? 935  
Some word thou would'st have spoke, which, sadly  
    dear,

My soul might keep, or utter with a tear;  
Which never, never could be lost in air,  
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!"

Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan; 940  
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.

The mournful mother next sustains her part:<sup>a</sup>

"O thou, the best, the dearest to my heart!  
Of all my race thou most by heav'n approv'd,  
And by th' immortals ev'n in death belov'd! 945

While all my other sons in barb'rous bands  
Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,  
This felt no chains, but went, a glorious ghost,  
Free, and a hero, to the Stygian coast.

Sentenced, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom, 950

Thy noble corse was dragg'd around the tomb  
(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain);  
Ungen'rous insult, impotent and vain!

Yet glow'st thou fresh with every living grace,  
No mark of pain, or violence of face; 955  
Rosy and fair! as Phœbus' silver bow

Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below!"

Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears,

942. Note the language of the stage.

Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears :  
Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes 960  
Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries :  
“Ah, dearest friend ! in whom the gods had join’d  
The mildest manners with the bravest mind !  
Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o’er  
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore 965  
(Oh, had I perish’d, ere that form divine  
Seduced this soft, this easy heart of mine !) ;  
Yet was it ne’er my fate from thee to find  
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind :  
When others curs’d the auth’ress of their woe, 970  
Thy pity check’d my sorrows in their flow :  
If some proud brother eyed me with disdain,  
Or scornful sister with her sweeping train,  
Thy gentle accents soften’d all my pain.  
For thee I mourn ; and mourn myself in thee, 975  
The wretched source of all this misery !  
The fate I caus’d, for ever I bemoan ;  
Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone !  
Through Troy’s wide streets abandon’d shall I roam,  
In Troy deserted, as abhorr’d at home !” 980  
So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye :  
Distressful beauty melts each stander-by ;  
On all around th’ infectious sorrow grows ;  
But Priam check’d the torrent as it rose :  
“Perform, ye Trojans ! what the rites require, 985  
And fell the forests for a fun’ral pyre !  
Twelve days nor foes nor secret ambush dread ;  
Achilles grants these honours to the dead.”

He spoke; and at his word the Trojan train  
Their mules and oxen harness to the wain, 990  
Pour through the gates, and, fell'd from Ida's crown,  
Roll back the gather'd forests to the town.  
These toils continue nine succeeding days,  
And high in air a sylvan structure<sup>a</sup> raise.  
But when the tenth fair morn began to shine, 995  
Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,  
And placed aloft: while all, with streaming eyes,  
Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.  
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn, 1000  
Again the mournful crowds surround the pyre,  
And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire.  
The snowy bones his friends and brothers place  
(With tears collected) in a golden vase;  
The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd, 1005  
Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.  
Last, o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,  
And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead  
(Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were done,  
Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun). 1010  
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,  
A solemn, silent, melancholy train:  
Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,  
And sadly shar'd the last sepulchral feast.  
Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,<sup>a</sup> 1015  
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

994. A pile of wood.

1015. These last two lines are represented in the original by "Thus held they funeral for Hector, tamer of horses."



And thus, with perfect simplicity, the great epic comes to its close. Achilles, the proud, revengeful, and yet withal splendidly heroic prince, for whom our sympathy was in great part lost through his inhuman treatment of Hector, overcome at last by the wretchedness of old Priam, has been touched by sorrows other than his own, and has been led thereby far deeper into our hearts than through all the personal wrongs he has suffered.

Hector, chivalrous, tender and brave, the last hope of falling Troy, has been stretched on his bier before us, ever fresh and glorious in his might, even to the last, and lamented as perhaps no fallen hero has ever been lamented. No single foe had he among the men of Troy, while among those who were near to him he was loved as few men have ever been loved. Even sad Helen comes mourning to his bier with the most passionate, heartfelt tears, than in whose sorrow "it would have been impossible to enhance more worthily . . . the spirit of courtesy and knightly kindness which was in Hector." He is the evening star of Troy sinking into ruins, and when his light is set, the skies are full of darkness, sweeping down over all things. Troy still has her walls, but Hector, her chief bulwark, has fallen.

The poet has reached the end of the great story; Achilles' wrath has had its fulfillment, and, as in a true drama, the curtain falls, veiling from our eyes the scenes of blood and desolation which follow.

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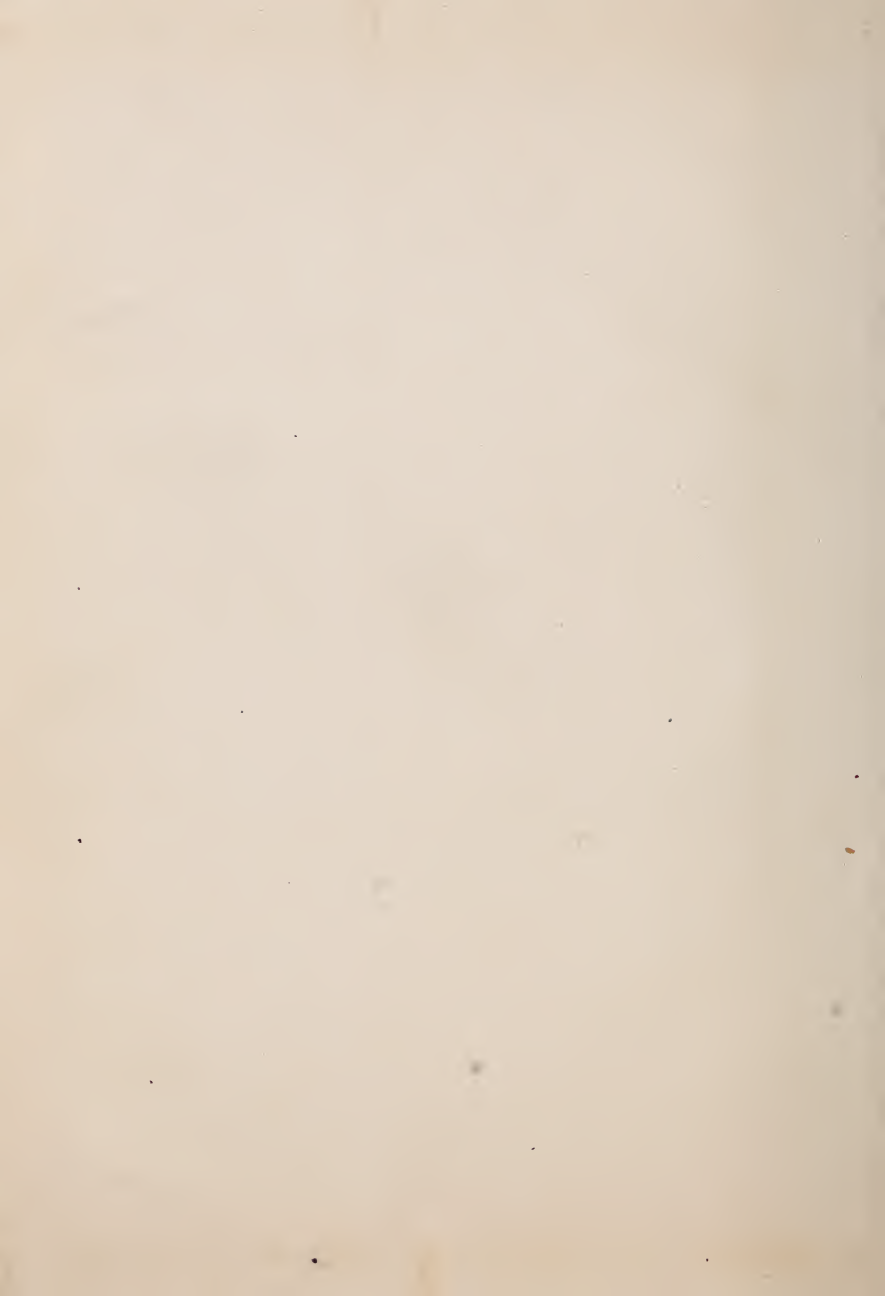


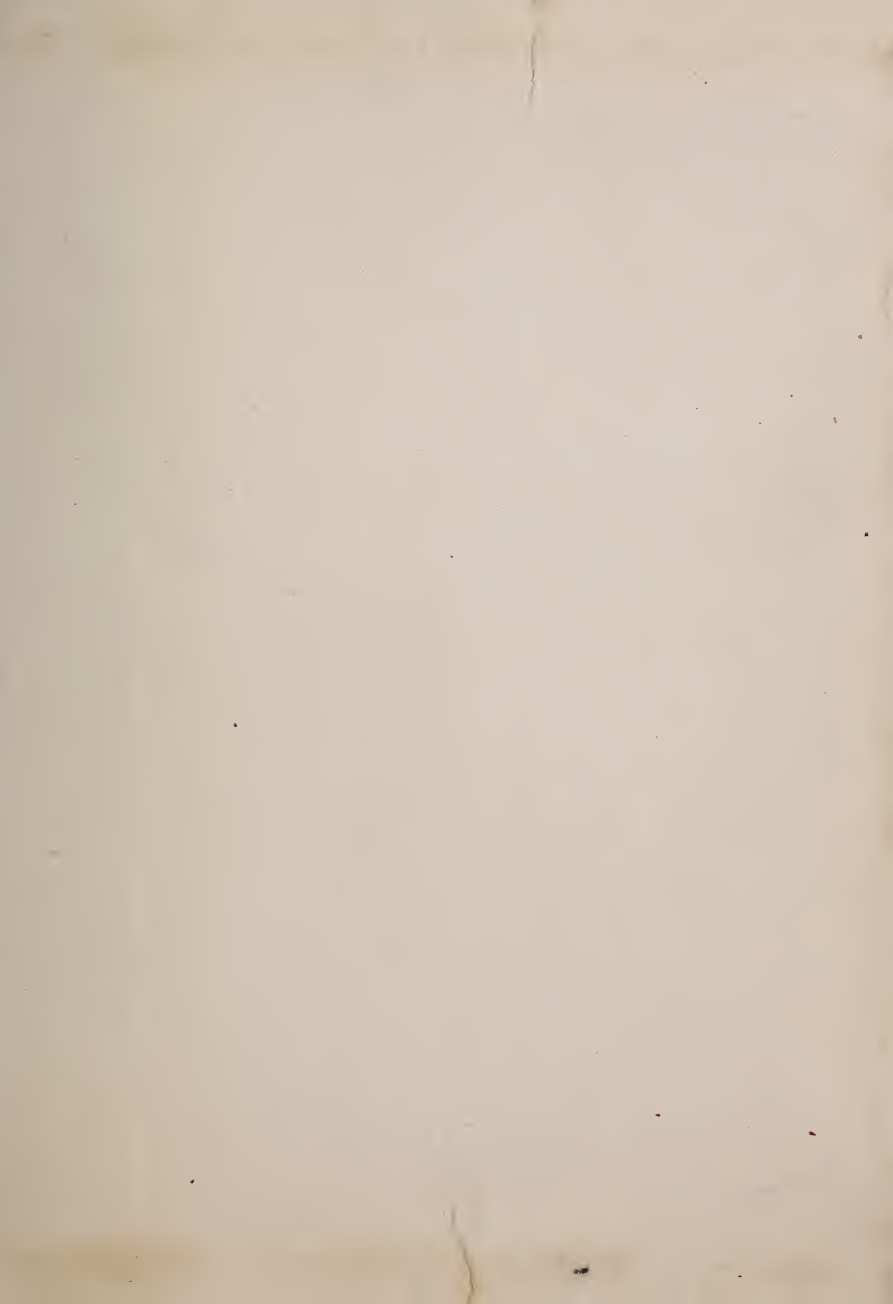


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